

8051.245



~~8015.215~~

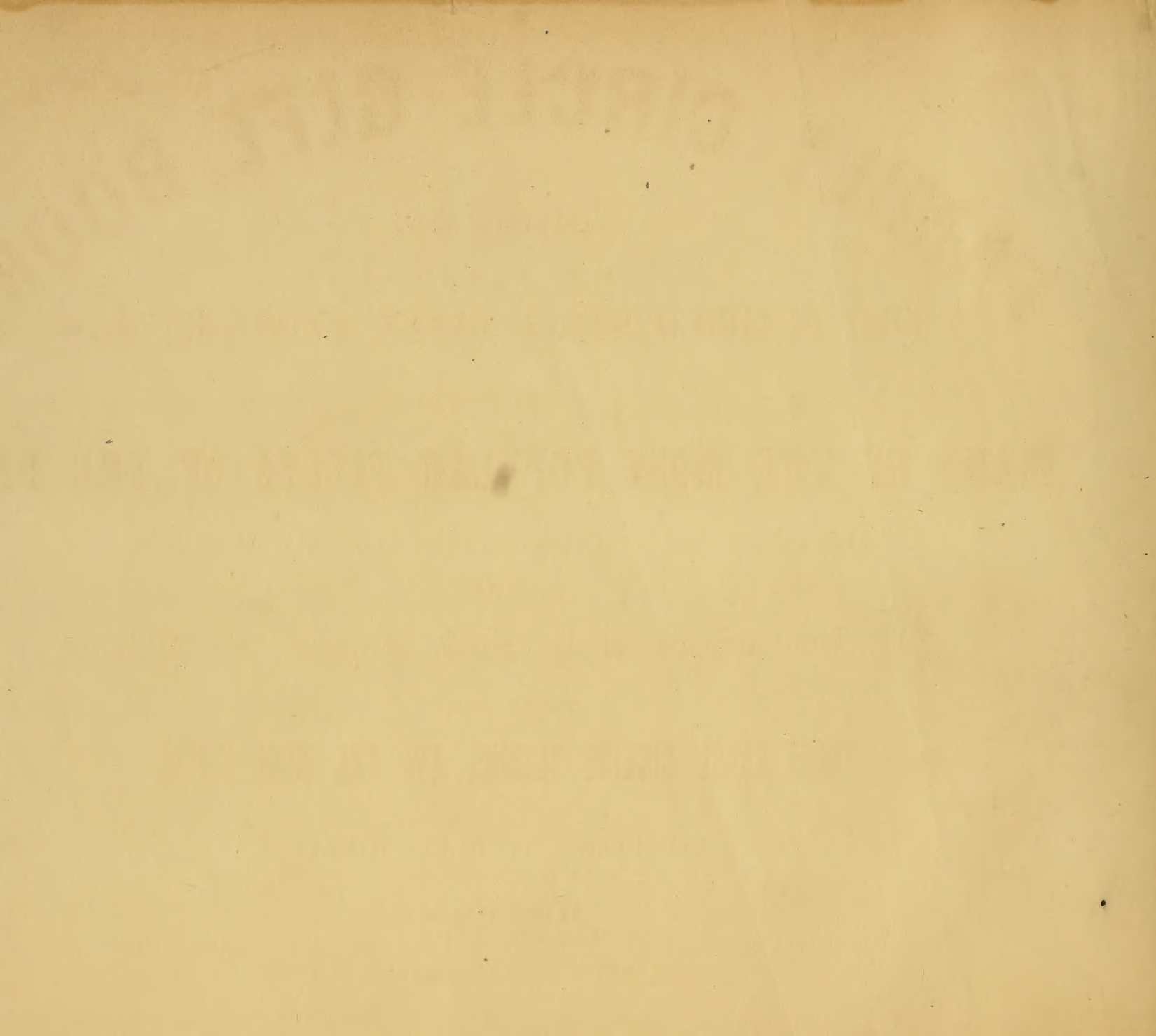
Vol. 1



GIVEN BY

Oliver Ditson Company





VOL. **FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK:** I.

Containing about

TWO HUNDRED SONGS, GLEES, CHORUSES, &c.

INCLUDING

MANY OF THE MOST POPULAR PIECES OF THE DAY;

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES,

WITH

Full Accompaniments for the Piano, Seraphine, and Melodeon.

FOR THE USE OF

GLEE CLUBS, SINGING CLASSES, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

COMPILED BY ELIAS HOWE.

BOSTON:

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street.

NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO.

V. 2 m 8051 245

Gift of
The Oliver Ditson Co.
Nov. 28, 1900.

A Second Volume of the FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK is now preparing, and will soon be issued, which will contain not only many of the most popular Songs and Glees of the day by American authors; but also many from the most celebrated English, German, and Italian composers, with a large number of Choruses from the popular Operas of Rossini, Donizetti, Balfe, Verdi, Auber, Bellini, Meyerbeer, &c.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
ELIAS HOWE,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

STEREOTYPED BY DILLINGHAM AND BRAGG,

41 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Larghetto.

1. It is not long since last we met, and you are still the same; Yet Oh! I saw you knew me not un-til I told my name! You mourn the change, and

2. I grieve to think my looks betray The anguish of my heart; In death I'd proudly still deny That I had felt the dart. As - sum-ing smiles a -

3. Yet do not heed my selfish boast, A mo-tive far more pure Would make me struggle to conceal The anguish I en - dure; I'd rath - er mourn in

well you know How deep my grief has been; For you were with me when I won The love of Rose Aileen, For you were with me when I won The love of Rose Aileen.

mid the gay I fain would still be seen; I would not have the world believe I sigh for Rose Aileen, I would not have the world believe I sigh for Rose Aileen.

solitude, Unpitied and unseen, Than that my gloom should seem to chide The smiles of Rose Aileen, Than that my gloom should seem to chide The smiles of Rose Aileen.

THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

1. Oh! had I wings like a Dove, I would fly A - way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a re - fuge

2. Oh! is it not written "Be - lieve and live;" The heart by bright hope al - lur'd, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith as -

3. There is! there is! in thy ho - ly word, Thy word which can ne'er depart; There is a promise of mer - cy stor'd For the low - ly and meek

there; But is there no haven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast; No favour'd spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest.

sur'd; Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has giv'n The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heav'n.

of heart; "My yoke is easy, My burden light, Then come unto me for rest;" These, these are the words of promise stor'd, For the wounded and wearied breast.

WHY DO I LOVE THEE YET?

G. LINLEY.

5

Andante Espressivo.

1. Why do I love thee yet? Still o'er thy absence grieve? Why should I thee regret? Thou who couldst so deceive! Cold as the frozen foun - tain,

2. Why do I love thee yet? Still joy thy name to hear? Why, when hope's star is set, Shed I for thee one tear. Mem'ry must fade for-ev - er

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with the first staff containing the lyrics for the first verse and the second staff for the second verse. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, featuring a flowing arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

Colder this heart must be, Ere I a love for - get, Cherish'd so long for thee. Would we ne'er had met, nor parted, Why do I love thee yet?

Silent this pulse must be, Ere I a love for - get, Cherish'd in vain for thee. Would we ne'er had met, nor parted, Why do I love thee yet?

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It follows the same layout as the first system, with vocal staves at the top and piano accompaniment at the bottom. The lyrics for the first and second verses are provided. The musical notation continues with similar arpeggiated textures in the piano part. The system concludes with a double bar line.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

From the Opera of *RICOLETTA*,
by VERDI.

Allegretto.

1. O - ver the Summer Sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad minstrelsy Gai - ly we're roam - ing; } Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Swift flows the rippling tide, Light - ly the zephyrs glide, Round us on ev'ry side Bright crests are foam - ing. }

2. List! there's a bird on high, Far in yon azure sky, Flung sweet melo - dy Each heart to glad - den. } Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Hark! its song seems to say, "Ban - ish dull care away; Nev - er let sorrow stay, Brief joys to sad - den." }

Cease all re - pin - ing, Near us is shining, Beauty's bright smile. Ah..... Beauty's bright smile.

Who'd be re - pin - ing, While near is shining Beauty's bright smile? Ah..... Beauty's bright smile.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

HENRI HERZ.

7

Andantino.

1. We have lived and loved to-gether, Thro' ma - ny changing years, We have shared each other's gladness, And wept each other's tears. I have never known a sor - row,

2. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho' many such we've known, love,

3. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho' many such we've known, love,

4. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho' many such we've known, love,

5. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho' many such we've known, love,

That was long unsooth'd by thee, That was long unsooth'd by thee, For thy smile can make a sum-mer, Where darkness else would be, For thy be.

Too prone a-las! to range, Too prone a-las! to range, We both can speak of one, love, Whom time could never change, We change.

6. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho' many such we've known, love,

ANNIE LAWRIE.

f 1. Max-wel-ton's banks are bon-ny, where ear-ly falls the dew; And 'twas there that An-nie Law-rie gave me her prom-ise true Gave

p 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the fair-est that e'er the sun shone on. That

f 3. Like dew on the gowan ly-ing is the fa'o' her fai-ry feet, And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, her voice is low and sweet. Her

pp me her prom-ise true. And ne'er for-get will I, But for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

f e'er the sun shone on. And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

pp voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

f *p* *Rit.*

1. You speak of sun-ny skies to me, Of orange grove and bower; Of winds that wake soft mel-o-dy, From leaf and blooming flower; And you may prize those far-of skies But

2. You tell me oft of rivers bright, Where golden gal-leys float; But have you seen our lakes by night, Or sailed in Al-pine Boat? You speak of lands where hearts and hands, Will

3. Had you been reared by Al-pine hills, Or loved in Al-pine dells, You'd prize like me our mountains rills, Nor fear the tor-rent swells: It matters not how drear the spot, How

tempt not me to roam: In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home, wherefore leave my home, In sweet content my days are spent, Then, &c.

greet me as I come, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home, wherefore leave my home, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home.

proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some deathless chains, That binds the heart to home, Love still retains some deathless chains, That bind, &c.

wherefore leave my home, In

tempt not me to roam: In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home, wherefore leave my home, In sweet content my days are spent, Then, &c.

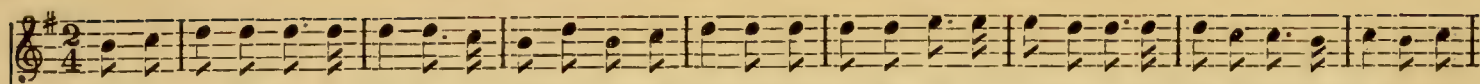
greet me as I come, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home, wherefore leave my home, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home.

proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some deathless chains, That binds the heart to home, Love still retains some deathless chains, That bind, &c.

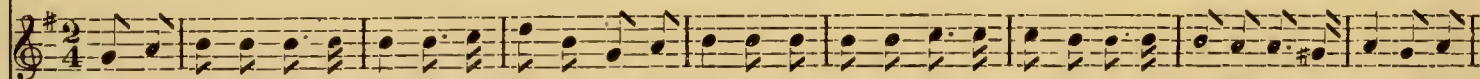
wherefore leave my home, In

tempt not me to roam: In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home, wherefore leave my home, In sweet content my days are spent, Then, &c.

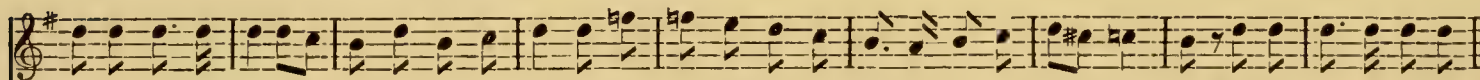
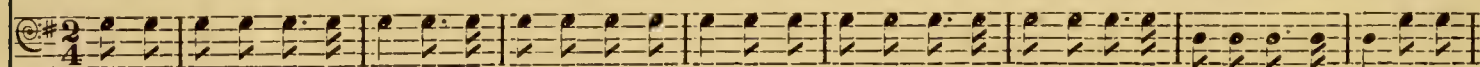
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.



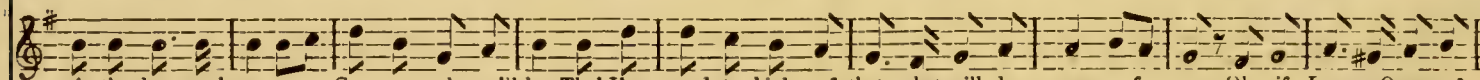
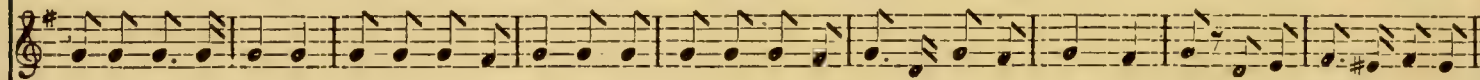
1. You are go-ing far a - way, far a - way from poor Jean - nette, There's no one left to love me now, and you, too, may for-get; But my



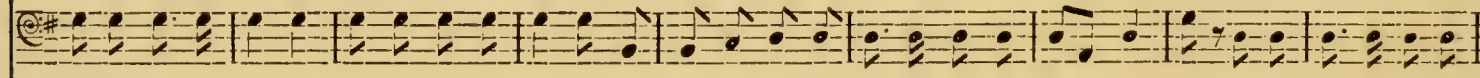
2. Or when glo - ry leads the way, You'll be mad-ly rushing on, Nev-er thinking, if they kill you, that my hap-pi-ness is gone, If you



heart will be with you, Wher-ev - er you may go, Can you look me in the face, and say the same, Jeannot? When you wear the jack-et



win the day, per-haps a Gen - e - ral you'll be, Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what will be - come of me; Oh, if I were Queen of

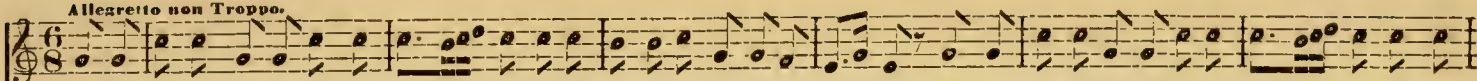


red, and the beau-ti-ful cock-ade, Oh, I fear you will for-get all the prom-i-ses you've made, With the gun upon your shoulder, and the

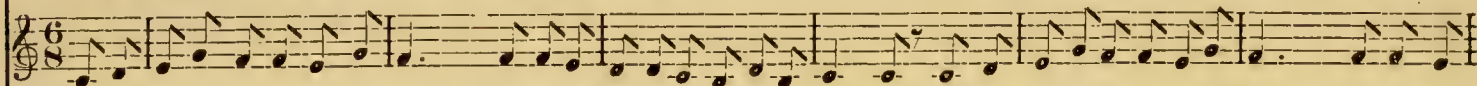
France, or still bet-ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home, All the world should be at peace, Or if

bayonet by your side, You'll be taking some great la-dy and be making her your bride, You'll be taking some great la-dy, and be making her your bride.

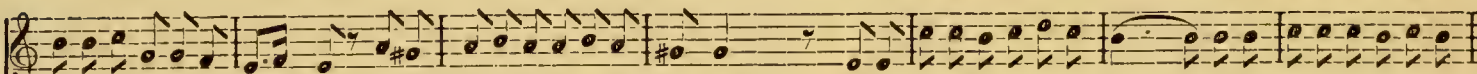
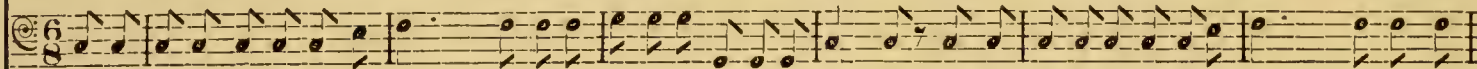
Kings must show their might, Why let them who make the quarrels be the on-ly men who fight, Yes, let them who make the quarrels, be the on-ly men who fight.

Allegretto non Troppo.

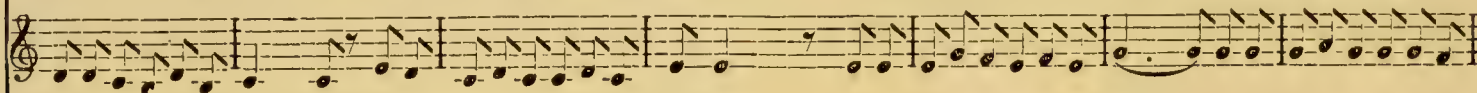
1 To be happy, and pass life with plea - sure, Is a se-cret 'twere well all would treasure, If the sky be se-re-ne or o'er - shad - ed, If the



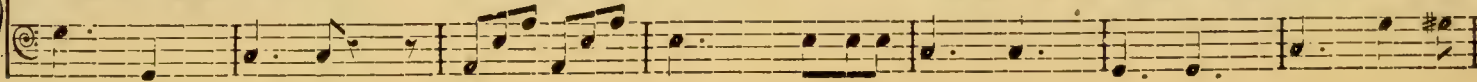
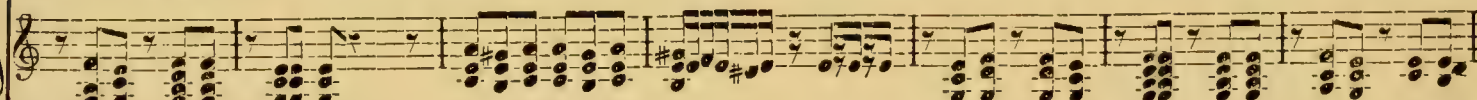
2. Tho' our pathway with thorns may be crowd - ed, And the pros-pect a-round dark and cloud-ed, Shall we yield to des-pair or to sor - row, While a



bloom from the ro-ses have fa - ded ; Tho' of fortune the Fates may bereave me, I re-solve to be mer-ry and gay, For Time travels too fast To be



com fort from hope we can borrow ? In each cup there's some bitterness flowing, Let us taste of life's stream when we may ; And the wisest are those Who for-



And. Poco più mosso. Tempo.

sad or o'ercast, It is wisdom to laugh while we may..... Not a care for to-mor-row shall grieve me, While joy

get all their woes, And re-solve to be happy and gay..... Not a care on to-mor-row be - stow - ing, While joy

beams on me brightly to - day, While joy beams on me brightly to - day, While joy beams on me brightly to - day.

beams on them brightly to - day, While joy beams on them brightly to - day, While joy beams on them brightly to - day.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the last two lines. Each line of the song is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) below the vocal staves. The tempo markings are 'And.' (Andante), 'Poco più mosso.' (A little more motion), and 'Tempo.' (Moderato). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with ellipses indicating where the music continues. The piano part features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords, block chords, and moving lines in both hands.

OH HASTE CRIMSON MORNING.

O So - le piu ra - to, A sorg - er tap - pres - te, ti cing - a di san - gue ghir - lan - da fu - nes - ta, Con quel - la res -

Oh haste crimson morn - ing, Bright sun of the mor - row, Let red clouds give warn - ing, A - round thee of sor - row, Like snails how ye

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in 4/4 time, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics from the previous system continue across these staves.

chi - ara, L'or ri - bi - le ga - ra, D'un o - dio mor - tal - e, d'un cie - co fu - ro - re, Fa - ra dinost' al me a tro - ce go -

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The lyrics continue across these staves.

lin - ger, Slow moments de - lay - ing, That long the a - ven - ger From vengeance straying. Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The lyrics continue across these staves.

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece. The lyrics from the previous system continue across these staves.

ver - no, Gri-dan - do ven - det - ta, Lo spir - to d'a - ver - no Del tuo - no che mug - ge del mem - bo che rug - ge piu l'i ra etre -

mor-row, Let red cloud give warn-ing, a - round thee of sor - row, Like snails how ye lin - ger, Slow moments de - lay - ing, That long the a -

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

men - da che m'ar - de nel core. O So - le piu rat - to ri-sor - ge e'rischiera, Haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the

veng - er, from, vengeance stay - ing. Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh haste crimson morn - - - ing, Bright sun of the

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. A "Ritard." (ritardando) marking is placed above the vocal staff in the middle of the system.

OH HASTE CRIMSON MORNING. CONCLUDED.

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first three staves are vocal parts, and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are distributed across the vocal staves.

morrow, O haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Haste bright sun, Haste bright morning, thy dawning I

Oh haste bright sun, Oh haste bright

morrow, O haste, oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Haste bright sun, Haste bright morning, thy dawning I

morning, Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh haste bright sun, Oh haste bright

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are repeated across the vocal staves.

wait, thy dawn-ing I wait my vengeance to sate; Oh haste bright morn-ing, my ven-geance to sate, oh, haste.

wait, thy dawn-ing I wait my vengeance to sate; Oh haste bright morn-ing, my ven-geance to sate, oh, haste.

Andantino.

1. I won her hand, I won her heart Else the sum - mer birds had flown ; I never dreamt that I should part from her my loved, my own.

2. The winter wind blew shrill and loud Midst the branches gaunt and bare ; The snow was driving fierce and wild Thro' thick and murky air.

3. Like an an - gel tak - ing flight, Her sweet spir - it passed a - way, And of - ten in the silent night Thro' greenwood shades I stray,

Time passed on with stealthy tread, The leaves a-round as thickly fell, As gentle blessings on the head Of my own sweet Lylie Bell.

Death's cold hand was on her brow. The midnight chimes rang out the knell Of her my loved and lost one, My poor, dying Lylie Bell.

To the tomb of one so dear, Far down in the lone - ly dell, To breathe a sigh, to drop a tear On the grave of Lylie Bell.

[3]

1. Look now the rays of the sun streaming bright, Sheds its radiance around, let's be up and doing; Morning invites us to labor; the night We'll devote to our

2. E'en in our wine doth the sun send a ray, And reflect back the golden beams of morning, Let us then hasten, nor lingering stay; Till the sun is on

love, and our fair ones wooing. To work let's hasten. With hammers,

Now then,

high, and the day past dawning. To work let's hasten. With hammers,

ANVIL CHORUS. CONCLUDED.

19

f Who when the day departs, and we with care o'er-la - den, *f* Who then doth soothe our hearts, who but the gip-sy maiden, Who,

f Who when the day departs, and we with care o'er-la - den, *f* Who then doth soothe our hearts, who but the gip-sy maiden, Who,

Tutti. Forzo. who, who then doth soothe our hearts, With care o'er-la - den, With care o'er-la - den, The gip-sy maid - - en.

who, who then doth soothe our hearts. The gip-sy maid - - en.

With care o'er-la - den, With care o'er-la - den,

ff

Scherzando.

1 Day is flash-ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit-tle rills: Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each-oth-er call.

2. Welcome back the friendly sun, He a long night's work has done, He has been while we have slept, Been where ma-ny waked and wept.

3. Now the bird for-sakes his nest, Proudly swells his lit-tle breast, As he mounts so high, so high, Rev'lling in the clear blue sky.

4. We have sung it oft and long, But our hear-ty morning song, Eve-ry morn is fresh and new, As yon pear-ly sparkling dew.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morn-ing.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morning.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morning.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morn-ing.

Day is flash ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit - tle rills : Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each oth - er call.

Day is flash - ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit - tle rills : Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each oth - er call.

The musical score for 'Day is Flashing' consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal part without lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.

1. The bright rosy morning peeps o - ver the hills, } [day.
With blushes a - dorn ing the meadows and fields ; } While the merry, merry, merry horn, calls come, come away, Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new

2. The stag roused before us, a - way seems to fly. }
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry ; } Then follow, follow, follow, follow, The musical chase, Where plea - ure and vigor and health all embrace.

3 The day's sport when over, makes blood circle right, } [crown the day.
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ; } Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may ; Let love crown the night, boys, as our sports

The musical score for 'The Bright Rosy Morning' consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Allegretto.

1. On to the field! the foe is there, Flaunt-ing his banners kiss the air:— On to the field! with sword and brand, And

2. Peace blest each homestead, Plen - ty's smile Beam'd in the eyes of hon - est toil, Love told to love its truth - ful tale, And

drive him from our father-land! Shame not the deeds your Sires have done, Blight not the wreaths they won; No! Free-dom forbid! for

songs of joy rang thro' the vale! Rest now the ploughshare, grasp the sword, Breathe not of love a word, No! Sons of the mountain

not to be, Were bet-ter far than want-ing thee: Steady of heart, and firm of hand, Strike! for our glorious fatherland.

leave your spoil! Sons of the val-ley, cease your toil! Steady of heart, and firm of hand, Strike! for our glorious fatherland.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems are for the piano, with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

COME PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

T. MOORE.

1. Come, play me that sim-ple air a-gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then, Were awakened by

2 Sweet air, how every note brings back Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright, That shining o'er life's ear-ly track, Filled even its

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems are for the piano, with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4.

that sweet lay. The tender gloom its strain Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, without its pain, Say, where, where is it now?

tears with light. The new-found life that came With love's first echoed vow, The fear, the bliss, the shame, Say, where, where are they now?

The musical score for the first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, with the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The vocal line features a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

But play me the well-known air once more, For tho'ts of youth still haunt its strain, Like dreams of some far fai-ry shore, We're never to see a - gain.

But still the same loved notes prolong, Forsweet 'twere thus, to that old lay, In dreams of youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a - way.

The musical score for the second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line concludes with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord and a fermata. The overall structure of the piece is a simple, lyrical melody with a gentle piano accompaniment.

Allegro Moderato.

1. A life on the o-cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scattered wa-ters rave, And the winds their rev-els keep!
 2. Once more on the deck I stand, Of my own swift glid-ing craft; Set sail! fare-well to the land, The gale follows far a-baft.
 3. The land is no long-er in view, The clouds have began to frown; But with a stout vessel and crew, We'll say, let the storm come down!

Al Segno To be sung the 2d time only.

Fine.

The winds, the winds, the winds their rev-els keep, The winds, the winds, the winds their rev-els keep

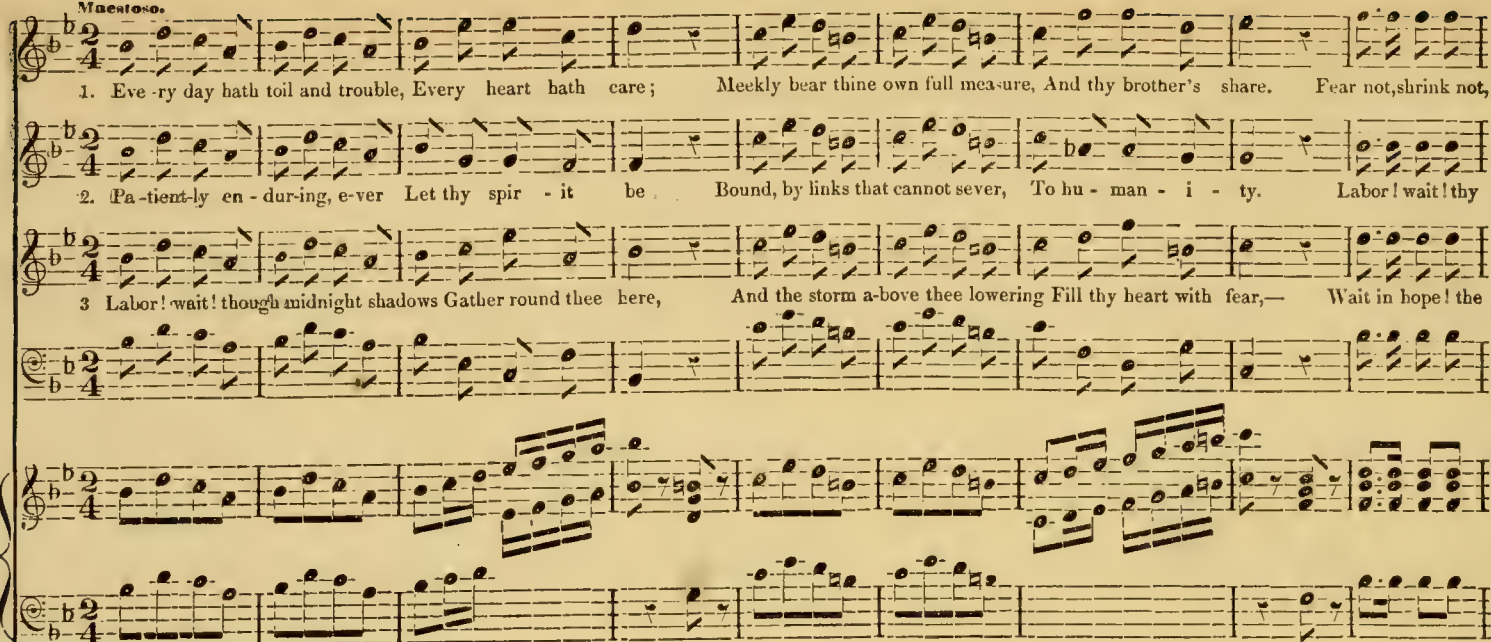
Like an ea-gle caged, I pine, On this dull, un-changing shore; O give me the flash-ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest roar!....
 We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o-cean bird set free; Like the o-cean bird, our home We'll find, far out on the sea!....
 And the song of our hearts shall be, While the winds and the waters rave, A life on the heav-ing sea, A home on the bounding wave!....

Moderato.

1. Eve-ry day hath toil and trouble, Every heart hath care; Meekly bear thine own full mea-sure, And thy brother's share. Fear not, shrink not,

2. Pa-tient-ly en-dur-ing, e-ver Let thy spir-it be Bound, by links that cannot sever, To hu-man-i-ty. Labor! wait! thy

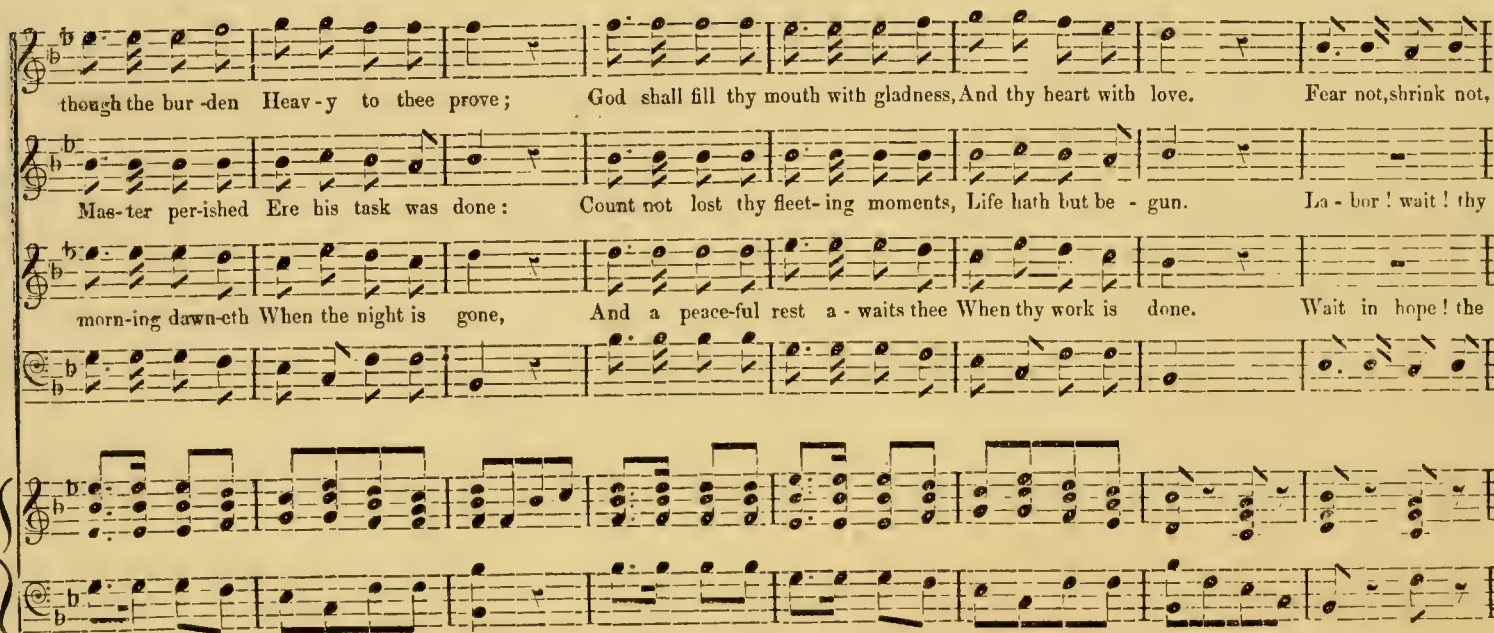
3 Labor! wait! though midnight shadows Gather round thee here, And the storm a-bove thee lowering Fill thy heart with fear,— Wait in hope! the



though the bur-den Heav-y to thee prove; God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love. Fear not, shrink not,

Mas-ter per-ished Ere his task was done: Count not lost thy fleet-ing moments, Life hath but be-gun. La-bor! wait! thy

morn-ing dawn-eth When the night is gone, And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee When thy work is done. Wait in hope! the



though the bur den Heav-y to thee prove, God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love, And thy heart with love

Mas-ter per-ished Ere his task was done. Count not lost thy fleet-ing moments, Life hath but be-gun, Life hath but be-gun.

morn-ing dawn-eth When the night is gone, And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee When thy work is done, When thy work is done.

SWISS BOY.

1. Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to labor away. The sun is up with rud-dy beam; The kine are thronging to the stream. D. C.

2. Am not I, am not I, a mer-ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain away? For there a shepherd mai-den dear, A-waits my song with listening ear. D. C.

3. Then at night! then at night, Oh a gay Swiss boy! I'm away to my comrades, a-way! The cup we fill, the wine is passed In friendship round until at last, D. C.

With good night! and good night! goes the happy Swiss boy To his home and his slumbers, away.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH TO ME.*

Andante.

Fine.

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is home, sweet home : The fai - ry land I've long'd to see, Is home, sweet home,

2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home. I've learned to look with lover's eyes On home, sweet home,

There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing, All the world is not so cheering As home, sweet home.

There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world besides I've slighted For home, sweet home.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ROBERT BURNS.

29

Scherzando.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?

2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?

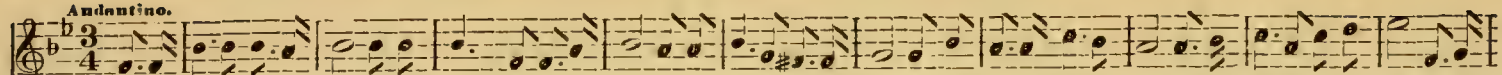
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly lo'e my - sel', But, what's his name or where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

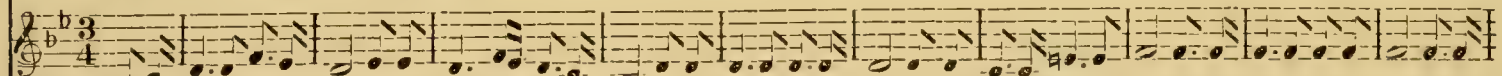
Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

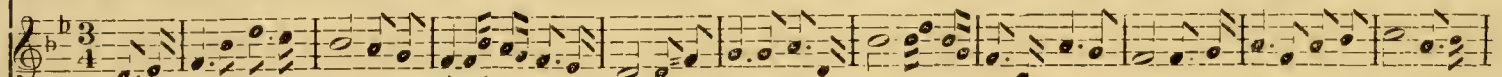
WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

Andantino.

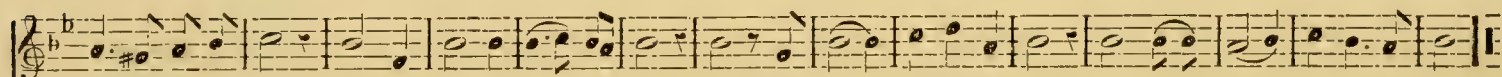
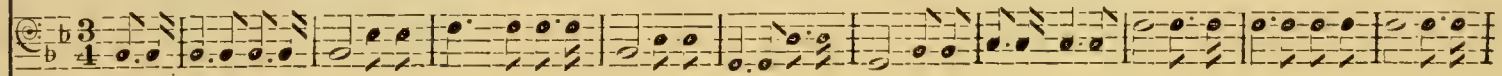
1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scattered lie, When from neither hill nor dale, Chants the silvery nightin-gale. In these words my bleeding heart, Would to



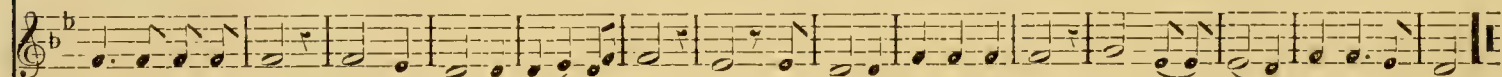
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the red tints of the West, Prove the sun has gone to rest, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to



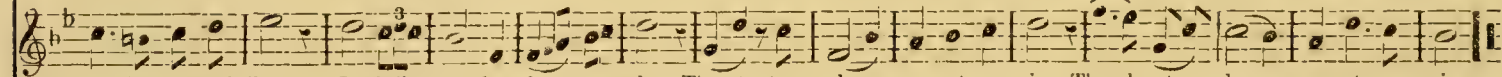
3. Hush my heart! why thus complain, Thou must too thy woes contain, Tho' on earth no more we rove, Loudly breathing vows of love, Thou my heart must find relief, yielding



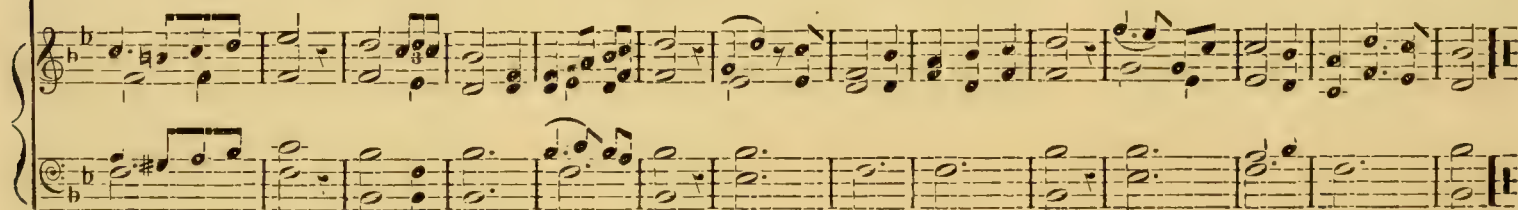
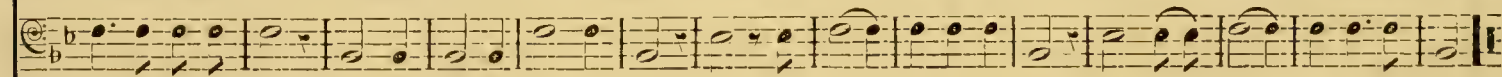
thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose.



thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose.



to these words belief; I shall see thy form a- gain, Though to- day we part a- gain, Though to day we part a- gain.

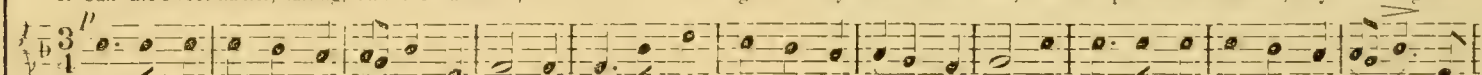




1. Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one cheri-hing word, That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of



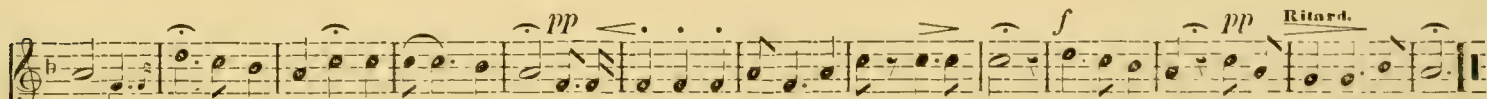
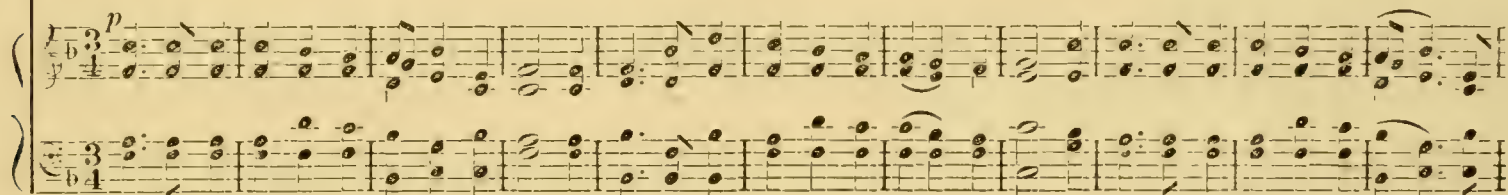
2. Call me fond names, dearest, call me a star, Whose smiles beaming wel-come thou feel'st from a far, Whose light is the clear-est the tru-est to



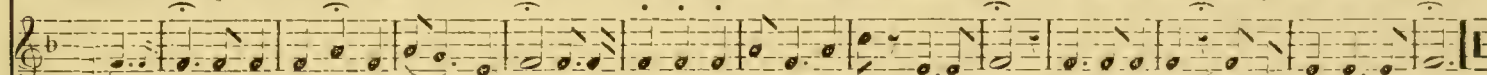
3. Call me sweet names, darling, Call me a flow'r, That lives in the light of thy smile each hour, That droops when its heaven, thy love grows



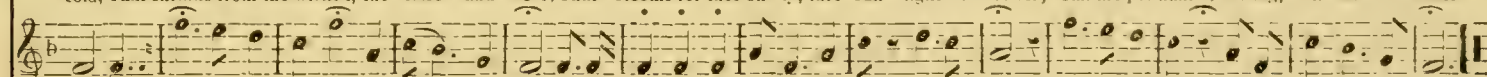
4. Call me dear names, darling, call me thine own, Speak to me al-ways in love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice grow



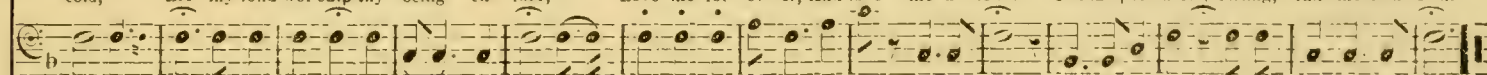
flight, That ten - der - ly sings there in loving de - light; Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word; Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird!



thee, When the 'night time of sorrow' steals over life's sea; Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are, Call me pet names, darling, call me a star!



cold, That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold; That blooms for thee on - ly, thro' sun - light and shower; Call me pet names, darling, call me a flower.



cold, Let my fond wor-ship thy being en - fold; Love me for - ev - er, And love me a - lone! Call me pet names, darling, call me thine own.

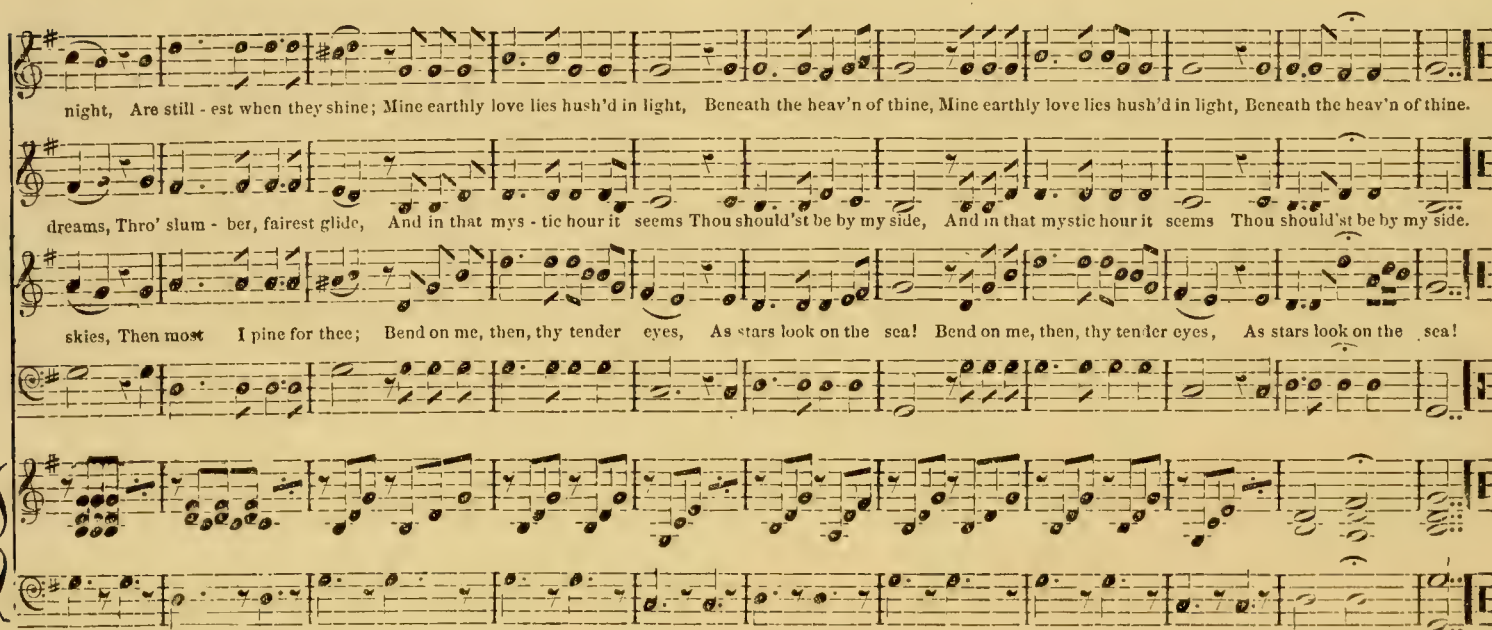


Andante.


1. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by

2. There is an hour when Angels keep Fa-mil-iar watch on men, When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep—Sweet spirit, meet me then; There is an hour when holy

3. The thoughts of thee too sacred are For daylight's common beam; I can but know thee as my star, My angel, and my dream! When stars are in the quiet



night, Are still-est when they shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light, Beneath the heav'n of thine, Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light, Beneath the heav'n of thine.

dreams, Thro' slum-ber, fairest glide, And in that mys-tic hour it seems Thou should'st be by my side, And in that mystic hour it seems Thou should'st be by my side.

skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea!

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

MEDELSSOHN.

33

mf Allegretto con Moto. *Cres.*

1. I would that my love Could si-lent - ly flow in a single word! I'd give it the merry breezes; They'd waft it a-way in sport; I'd give it the mer-ry breez-es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, A-way in sport, They'd waft it a-way in sport.

sf *f* *p* *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *f* *p*

2 To thee on the wings, my fairest,
That soul-felt word they would bear;
Should'st hear it at every moment,
And hear it everywhere,
Should'st hear it, &c.

3 At night when thine eye-lids in slumber have closed,
Those bright heavenly beams;
Still there my love it will haunt thee,
E'en in thy deepest dreams,
Still there my love, &c.

ROBIN RUFF.

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year, What a man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I
I'd do — I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green—I'd go, faith I hardly know where, I'd scatter the chink and leave others to think, If I

had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year! The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff, Would scarce
had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year! But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff, And the

find you in bread or in beer; But be honest and true, and say what would you do If you had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff? If you had but a thousand a year?
day of your death it draws near, Say what with your pains would you do with your gains, If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff? If you then had a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF.
I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green, For your questions are always so queer, But as other folks die, I suppose so must I—

GAFFER GREEN.

What, and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff? And give up your thousand a year? There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff. And I

The musical score for 'Gaffer Green' consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Both together in Octaves.

hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great though he hath no estate, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye as if he'd a thousand a year.

The musical score for 'Both together in Octaves' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.*

1. Of all the mighty nations In the East or in the West, O this glorious Yankee nation Is the greatest and the best, We have room for all crea - tion And our
 2. St. Lawrence marks our Northern line As fast her waters flow; And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, "Way down to Mexico." From the great Atlantic Ocean, Where the
 3. While the South shall raise the Cotton, And the West, the Corn and Pork, New England Manufactories Shall do up the finer work; For the deep and flowing waterfalls That
 4. Our fathers gave us Liberty, But lit - tle did they dream, The grand results that pour a-long This mighty age of Steam; For our mountains, lakes and rivers, Are
 5. Yes! we're bound to beat the nations, For our motto's "Go ahead," And we'll tell the foreign paupers That our people are well fed; For the nations must re-mem-ber Un-cle

The musical score for 'Uncle Sam's Farm' is a five-part setting. Each part has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

* By permission of Russell & Richardson, proprietors of the copyright.

Chorus.

banner is unfurl'd, Here's a gen-ral in - vi - ta - tion To the peo-ple of the world. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;
 sun begins to dawn, Leap a-cross the Rocky mountains, Far a - way to O - re - gon. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;
 course a - long our hills, Are just the thing for washing Sheep, and driv-ing Cotton Mills. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;
 all a blaze of fire. And we send our news by lightning, On the tel - e-graph-ic wires. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;
 Sam is not a fool, For the people do the vot - ing, And the children go to school. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;

Come from ev'ry nation, Come from ev'ry way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don't be alarm'd, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.
 Come from ev'ry nation, Come from ev'ry way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don't be alarm'd, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.

1. Why seeks that fair, that love - ly maid, The cloi - ster's chil - ling gloom, To shroud that beau - ty's ra - diant rose With -

2. Why droops in grief that a - ged form, That hon - or'd sire? ah! say! Why wear those high and lord - ly tow'rs The

3. Ye gold - en stars, that high in air In bound - less rev - el glow! Think ye at all of gen - tle hearts That

The first system of the musical score for 'Ye Golden Stars'. It consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are provided below each vocal staff.

in a liv - ing tomb? That scarf she bears, her dear one wore, 'Tis with his life-blood dyed; A brav - er heart, a

hues of lone de - cay? In child - less sor - row fades his days, His val - iant heir is slain; That home of love with

suf - fer here be - low? Ah! no, the woes o'er which we sigh—'A - las! why should they be?— Leave, as I view your

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are provided below each vocal staff.

f *f*

bold-er hand, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide.

wonted joy Will ne'er re-sound a-gain, Will ne'er resound a-gain, Will ne'er re-sound a-gain.

bright-ning smiles, But wond'-ring tears for me, But wond' ring tears for me, But wond' - ring tears for me.

f *f*

MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

Moderato.

1. The mel-o-dies of ma-n-y lands Ere-while have charmed my ear; Yet there's but one a-mong them all, Which

2. Its words, I well re-mem-ber now, Where fraught with pre-cepts old; And eve-ry line a max-im held, Of

3. It told me, in the hour of need, To seek a sol-ace there, Where on-ly strick-en hearts could find Meet

still my heart holds dear: I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled; It was the song my
 far more worth than gold; A les - son 'twas, tho' sim - ply taught, That can-not pass a - way; It is my guid-ing
 an - swer to their prayer. Ah! much I owe that gen - tle voice, Whose words my tears be - guiled; That song of songs my
 moth-er sang, When I was but a child, It was the song my moth-er sang, When I was but a child.
 star by night, My com-fort in the day, It is my guid-ing star by night, My com - fort in the day.
 moth - er sang, When I was but a child, That song of songs my moth - er sang, When I was but a child.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in both treble and bass staves, often with chords. The vocal line is written in a single treble staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

PRAYER FROM MOSES IN EGYPT.

Bow down thine ear."
By RUSSINI.

BASS FIRST TIME. 1. Bow down thine ear, O Lord O Lord, and hear thou
TENOR 2D TIME. 2. Be gra - cious Lord to me..... be gra - cious Lord to
TREBLE 3D TIME. 3. Give ear, O Lord, to me..... O Lord give ear to

me, For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.
me.... For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.
me..... For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.

CHORUS. 3-4 time.

For dai - ly I will call, O Lord, will call on thee, O Lord on thee. thee, And I will thank thee, Lord, will

For dai - ly I will call, O Lord, will call on thee, O Lord on thee. thee, And I will thank thee, Lord, will

thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er-more, thy name, thy name. thy name, O Lord.

thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er - more, will praise thy name, O Lord, will praise thy name, O Lord.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and contains the lyrics: "thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er-more, thy name, thy name. thy name, O Lord." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er - more, will praise thy name, O Lord, will praise thy name, O Lord." The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern, including a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.

Andante Moderato.

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain; My peace - ful home has no

2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit; I thought no more of my

3. But one gold - en tress of hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble plume, And then on the field of

The musical score is in G major, 6/8 time, and consists of three systems. Each system begins with a vocal line and is followed by a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines contain the lyrics for three verses. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The tempo is marked "Andante Moderato." The key signature is one sharp (F#).

charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain ; The la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a

mas - ter's sword When I played on my mas - ter's lute ; She seemed to think me a boy, a - bove Her

Pal - es - tine, I'll seek an ear - ly doom ; And if by the Sar - a - cens' hand I fall, 'Mid

The musical score for the first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

di - a - dem on her brow ; Oh ! why did she flat - ter my boy-ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now.

Pa - ges of low de - gree ; Oh ! had I but loved with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for me.

the no - ble and the brave, A tear from my la - dy love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave

The musical score for the second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

p Allegretto.

1. In Car - li - na's clime I spent a happy time, With my gentle Rho - dy Gray: In a lit - tle vale, 'midst the corn - field's prime, Our sweet lit - tle cot - tage lay.

2. Poor Rho - dy Gray has pass'd a - way; 'Twas on a sum - mer night, Death's i - cy hand her spirit took away To a home more happy and bright.

3. They laid her down in the cold, cold ground; Ever sad - ly now I roam; But it seems to me, still her form I see In that sweet lit - tle valley home.

p

p

f Chorus after each verse.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er for - got, No mat - ter where I roam: Ma - ny suns may set, still I ne - ver shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er forgot, No mat - ter where I roam: Ma - ny suns may set, still I ne - ver shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er forgot, No mat - ter where I roam; Ma - ny suns may set, still I ne - ver shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

ROSSINI.
From "Cinderella."

Allegretto.

1 Green hills of Tyrol! a-gain I see, The home of childhood so dear to me, Again I press your verdant shade, Where oft my footsteps wildly stray'd; Once more I am near him, My

2. Haste, haste my love! why linger now! The sun is shedding his parting glow; The chamois seeks his peaceful glade, And homeward wanders the mountain maid; Oh! come, then [and cheer me, My

own one! my fond one! A-gain I shall hear him Love's ac-cents repeat; While to his sighs, My heart replies, And every glance is soft and sweet, Green hills of Tyrol, again I

own one! my fond one! A-gain thou shalt hear me Sing love's ten-der strain, While every note, my lips repeat, And soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again; Then haste my love, [why linger

see, The home of childhood so dear to me; A-gain I press your verdent shade, Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd. From yonder woodlands, sounding clear, his merry bugle note I hear; With eye of

now? The sun is shedding his parting glow; The chamois seeks his peaceful glade, And homeward wander the mountain maid. Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry, While answering echo makes reply, Now, now, be

The first system of the musical score for 'Green Hills of Tyrol'. It consists of a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves: the right hand in G major with a treble clef, and the left hand in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

hawk, and falchion keen, He comes, he comes, my Ty-ro-lien! Once more I be-hold him, My dear one! my fond one, To my bosom I'll fold him, My own Ty-ro-lien!

waves his scarf of green; He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien, Once more I be-hold him, My dear one, my fond one, To my bosom I'll fold him, My own Ty-ro-lien!

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves.

I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE.

p
 1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less; But hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should nev - er know dis-

2. I leave thee in thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love; As one I think of but to bless, As wretched - ly I

p
 3. And now my dreams are sad - ly o'er: Fate bids them all de - part; And I must leave my na - tive shore, In brok - en - ness of

tress. My for - tune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill my dearest joy; I'd rath - er weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de - stroy.

p
 rove. But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

heart. Then oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

heart. Then oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

heart. Then oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

heart. Then oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

p Andante. With expression.*p*

1. A - mid this greenwood smiling, Once stood a lovely cot; A huntsman's blooming laughter Shed beauty o'er the spot; And

*p**p*

2. The huntsman hath de - part - ed, The maiden, too, is gone, The cot, in ru - ins fall - ing, Is des - o - late and lone; A

*Cres.**p**f*

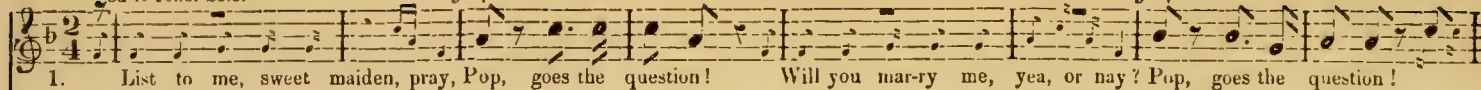
when abroad she wander'd, Then I was ev - er nigh; When friendly I ad - dress'd her, So sweet was her re - ply.

*Cres.**p**f*

wil - low shall be plant - ed Up - on this or - phan ground. Oh, tree! may'st thou still flourish, And bloom all fresh and sound!

POP, GOES THE QUESTION.

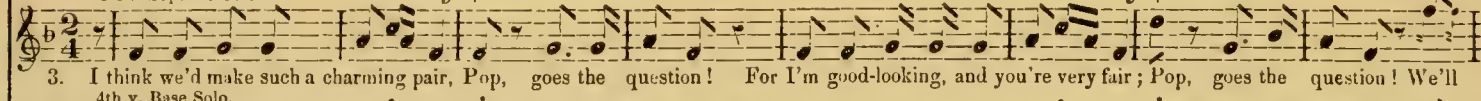
3d v. Tenor Solo.



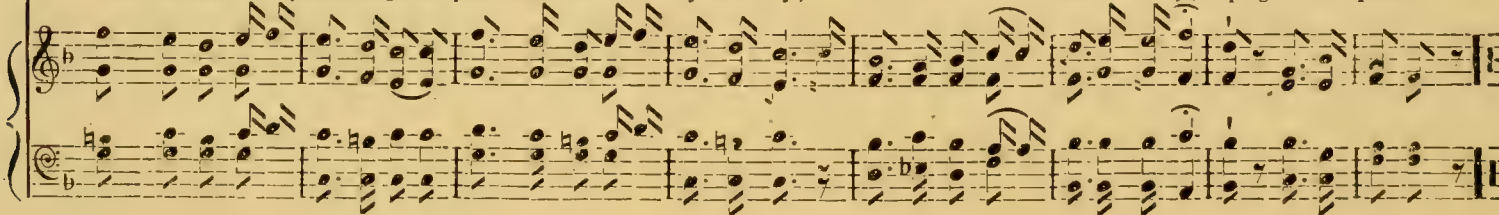
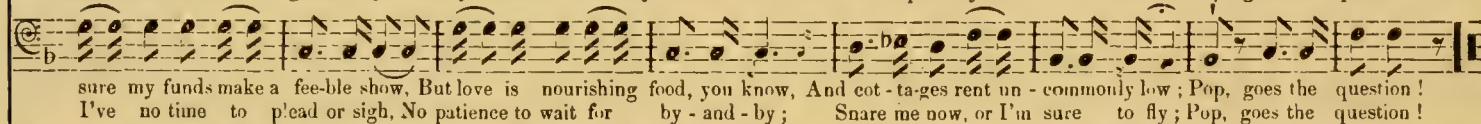
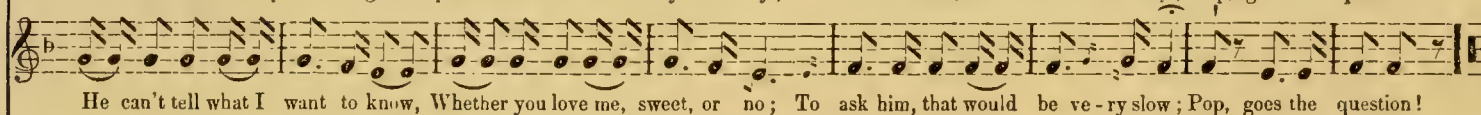
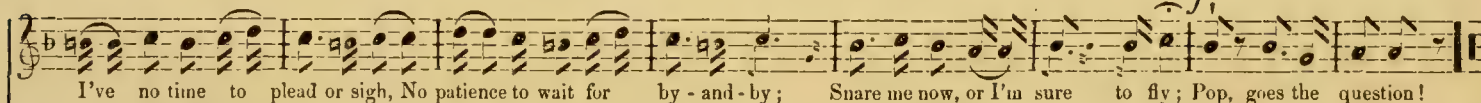
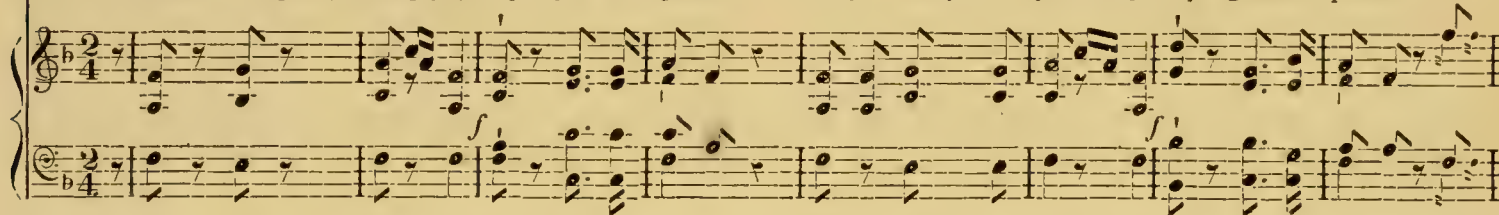
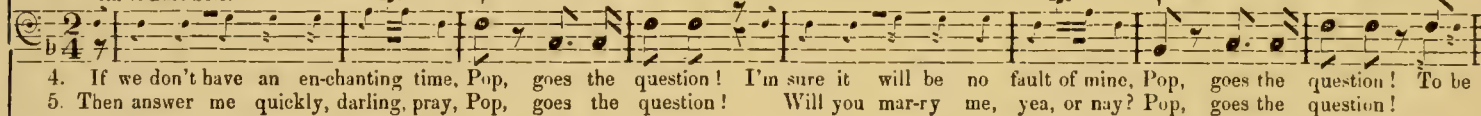
2d v. Alto Solo.



1st v. Soprano Solo.



4th v. Base Solo.



1. 'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night, I ever shall remember, And every star shone sparkling bright, In gloomy cold December. When at my window

2. Now Mam sat dozing by the fire, And Dad his pipe was smoking; I dare not for the world retire, And was not that provoking? At last the old folks

3. But did I need the hint so sweet? No, no, for mark the warning, Which meant that we at church should meet, At ten o'clock next morning, And there we met, no

tap, tap, tap, I heard his gentle, well-known rap, And with it too these words most clear, Remember ten o'clock my dear, Remember, love, re-mem-ber.

fell asleep, I hasten'd my promis'd vow to keep, But he his absence to denote, Had on the window-shutter wrote, Re-mem-ber, love, re-mem-ber.

more to part, There join'd together hand and heart, And since the day in wedlock joined, The window-shutter brings to mind, Remember, love, remember.

SHIP AHOY.

Moderato.

1. When o'er the si - lent seas a - lone, For days and nights we've cheer - less gone, Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet, Some

p

2. When o'er the o - cean's drea - ry plain, With toil her des - tined port to gain, Our gal - lant ship has neared the strand, We

p

sun - ny morn a sail to meet, Some sun - ny morn a sail to meet! Sparkling on deck is eve - ry eye, Ship a - hoy! ship ahoy! our

f *ff*

claim our own, our native land; We claim our own, our na - tive land; Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout; "Land ahead! Land ahead! look

f *ff*

mp 2nd verse forte. 2nd verse. *ff* *mf*

joy - ful cry. When answering back we faintly hear; Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! What cheer! What cheer! Now sails aback, we nearer come; Kind words are said of

mp *pp* *mf*

out! look out!" A - round oh deck we gai - ly fly; "Land a-head! land a-head!" with joy we cry; Yon beacon's light directs our way, While grateful vows to

2nd verse forte. 2nd verse. *ff* *mf*

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The music features various dynamic markings: *mp* (mezzo-piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words appearing on the piano staves as well.

friends and home, But soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain.

heaven we pay, And soon our long lost joys re - new, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It maintains the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support for the vocal lines. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Trio or Quartett.

1. Why, ah! why my heart this sad - ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and glad - ness,

Say, what wish can yet be thine?.....Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine.

2

All that's dear to me is wanting,
 Lone and cheerless here I roam;
 The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,
 To me can never be like home,
 To me can never be like home.

3

Give me those, I ask no other,
 Those that bless the humble dome
 Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
 Give, oh! give me back my home,
 My own, my dear native home.

With *celando*.

1. Be lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gift fading a -

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

wav. Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will; And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart, would entwine itself verdantly still.

dear, Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close, As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

O! DEAR IS MY COTTAGE.

Allegretto.

1. O dear is my cot-tage un-cloud-ed by sor-row, And sweet is the bow-er my En-e-line wove; Ah!

2. The small birds re-joice, in the green leaves a-dorn-ing, The mur-mur-ing stream-let runs clear thro' the vale, The

3. The morn-ing a-wakes me to health and to la-lor, The lark points to heav-en as first to be praised; The

nought from the gay or the weal-thy I'd bor-row, While bless'd with the smile of con-tent-ment and love; The

prim-ros-es blow in the dew of the morn-ing, And wild scat-ter'd cow-slips be-deck the green dale; But

eve-ning pro-cures me my friend and my neigh-bor, To join in the trib-ute by grat-i-tude raised; And

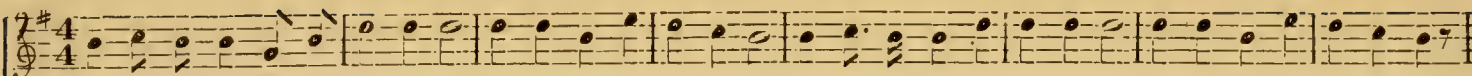
mirth of my chil - dren, their play - ful ca - ress - es, Un - ceas - ing de - light to a pa - rent must prove; Then
 what can give pleas - ure? or what can seem fair? When lin - ger - ing mo - ments are numbered by care? No,
 while with such mu - sic re - ech - oes my dwell - ing, While har - mo - ny lin - gers a - - mid the sweet grove; O

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

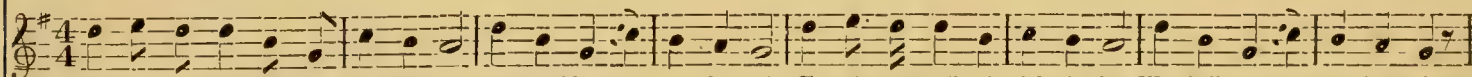
talk not of him who more splen - dor pos - sess - es, My wealth is the smile of con - tent - ment and love.
 if there's a bliss such en - joy - ment ex - cell - ing, It lies in the smile of con - tent - ment and love.
 if there's a bliss such en - joy - ment ex - cell - ing, It lies in the smile of con - tent - ment and love.

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves, following the same vocal and piano arrangement as the first system. The lyrics continue across these staves, with the piano part providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

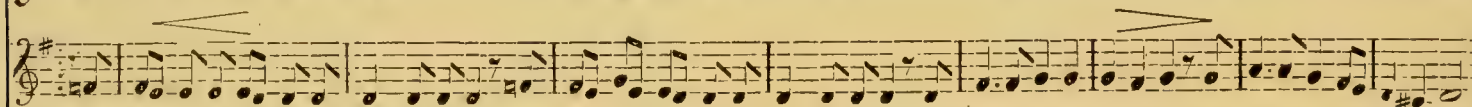
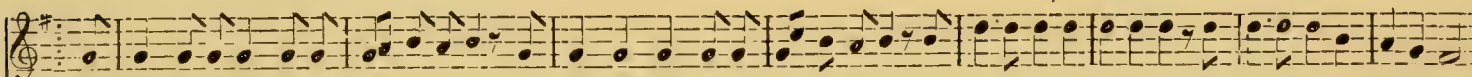
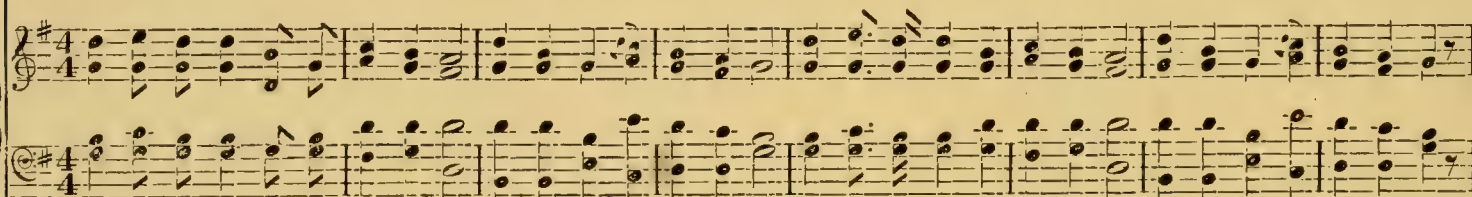
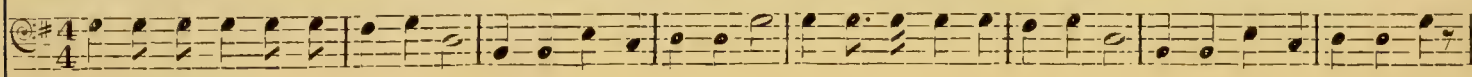
THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.



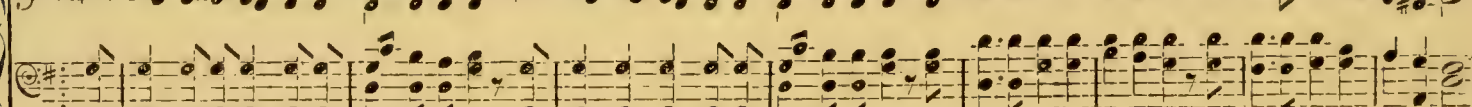
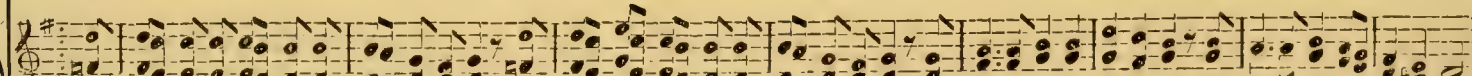
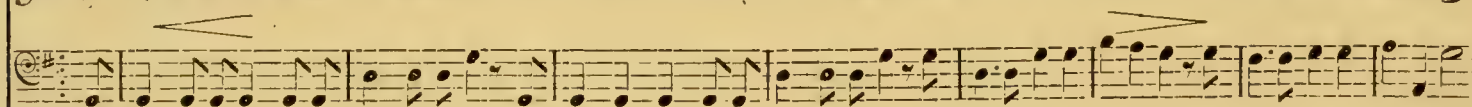
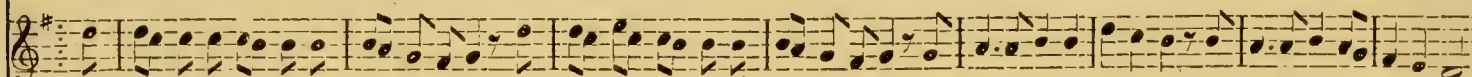
1. See, brothers see, how the night comes on, Slow-ly sinks the set-ting sun; Hark, how the sol-lemn vespers sound, Sweetly falls up-on the ear;



2. See how the tints of day-light die, Soon we'll hear the ten-der sigh; For when the toil of labor's o'er, We shall meet our friends on shore;



Then haste, let us work till the day-light is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore, Our toil and labor being done, How sweet the Boatman's welcome home.



To be sung at the end of the 2d verse.

Home, home, home, The Boatman's welcome home, Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home; Welcome home, welcome home, welcome, home.

The musical score consists of four systems of staves. The first two systems are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor), and the last two are for piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo and dynamics are indicated by 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), and 'ff' (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

THE SWABIAN BEGGAR'S SONG.

Trio. Allegretto.

1. I and my las - sie there, Gai - ly we trudge it; She with her light - er ware, I with my budg - et.
 2. And when the day is gone, Good cheer sur - round - ing; Oh! then how ripe for fun, Through the dance bounding.
 3. We live most roy - al - ly, No rule we own, sir: For we like king o - - bey Our will a - lone, sir.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system is for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor), and the second is for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Trio. Allegretto.' and the dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

1. Pledge me in a lus - ty bowl, And brimming, brimming let it be, Sparkling, sparkling! Like Jean - nie's e'e.
 2. Pledge me, &c.
 3. Pledge me, &c.

PESTAL, OR, THE PRISON SONG.

Andante.

Da Capo. after the second verse.

Fine.

1. Yes! the die is cast! The turbid dream of life is wan - ing, The gulf will soon be past, The soul im - mor - tal joy at - tain - ing;

2. Hark! the fa - tal bell! Each passing hour, the dungeon wa - king, .. Chimes a sad fare - well, In solemn tones the silence break - ing.

3. Yes! the die is cast! The turbid dream of life is wan - ing, The gulf will soon be past, The soul im - mor - tal joy at - tain - ing.

Thus then I fall, my native land to save: Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave, Will scorn to yield, my country's flag shall wave Around the patriot's grave!

Fell usurper, know thy savage ty - ra - ny, Soon will set me free; Thwarted shall thou be, For I shall rise above thee in eternity, Immortal life thou givest to me.

1. Dream on, in life's bright ro - sy day, When hope is deck'd with flowers, When all is gladness as the ray, Which shines o'er beau-ty's

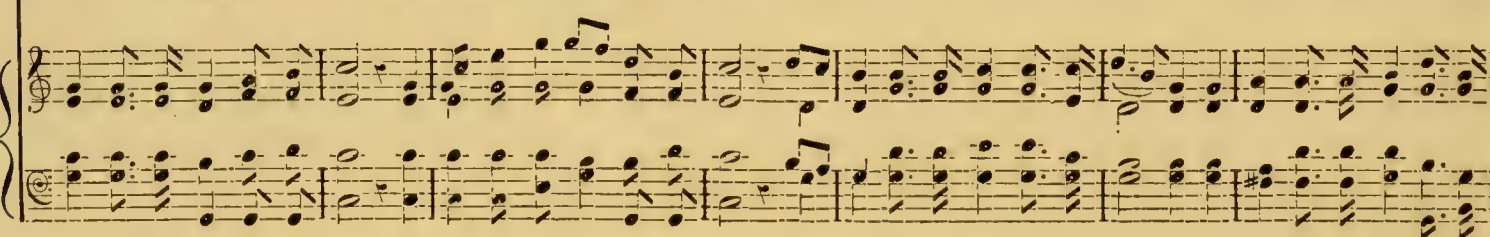
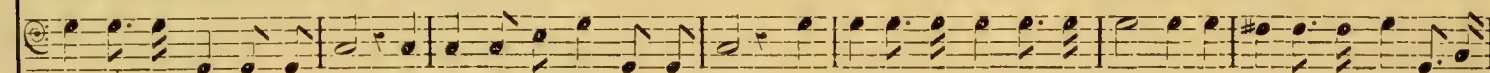
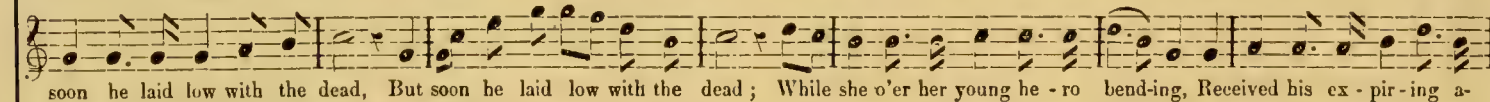
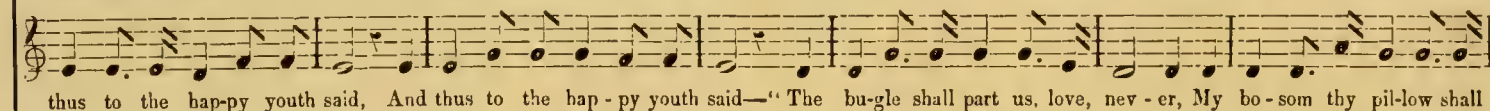
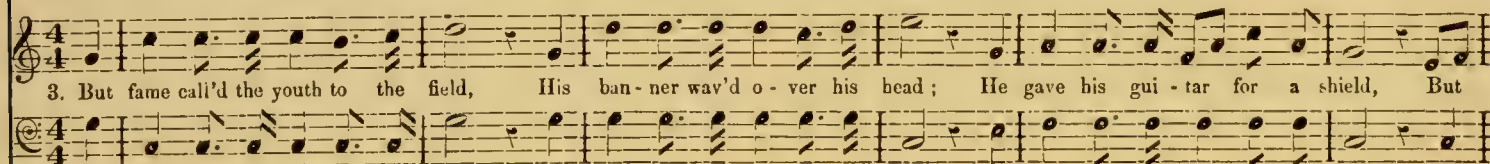
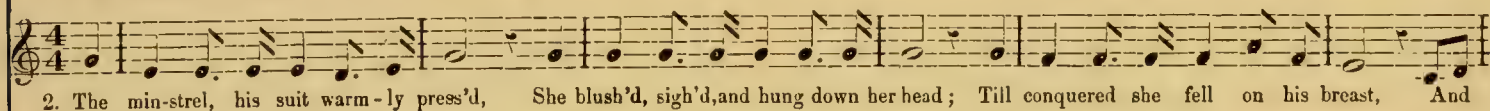
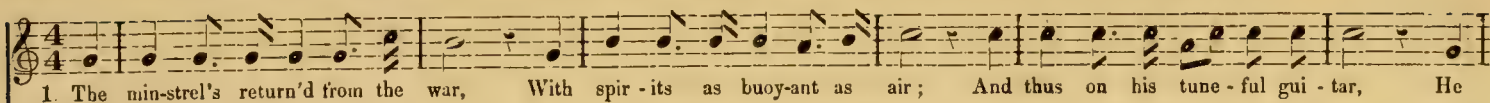
p bowers, Dream on, *f* dream on, *p* dream on, dream on.

2
 Dream on, when riper years have come,
 O'ershading with their wings,
 Each idol of the heart's deep home
 To which the memory clings.
 Dream on.

3
 Dream on, in spite of coming years
 That hasten to destroy;
 And bury, 'mid the tide of tears,
 All trace of present joy.
 Dream on.

4
 Dream on, upon the waking soul,
 Hope's rainbow hues are cast;
 And waves of blissful sunlight, roll
 Upon the darksome past.
 Dream on.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.



arms, A sol-dier no more but a lov - er, I kneel to the power of thy charms! Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I

be; Till death tears thee from me for - ev - er, Still faith-ful, I'll per - ish with thee," Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I

dieu; "I die while my country de - fend - ing, With a heart to my la - dy love true." "Oh death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine; I

bend to the mag - ic of beau - ty; Tho' the hel - met and ban - ner are mine, Yet love calls the sol - dier to du - ty.

bend to the mag - ic of beau - ty, Tho' the hel - met and ban - ner are mine, Yet love calls the sol - dier to du - ty.

tear off the ros - es of beau - ty; For the grave of my he - ro is mine, He died true to love and to du - ty.

1. What fair - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trac - ing the sens - es with charm'd mel - o - dy;

2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa - ters at rest, They sleep like the pas - sion in in - fan - cy's breast;

'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she min - gles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.

Till storms shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

1. Love not! Love not! Ye hap-less sons of clay, Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly flowers; Things that are made to

2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gay and glad-som earth, The si-lent stars, the

3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy lip may cease to smile on you; The kind-ly beam-ing

4. Love not! love not! oh warn-ing vain-ly said In pres-ent hours, as in years gone by; Love flings a ha-lo

fade and fade away, Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours, Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours. Love not! Love not!

blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave, as once up - - on its birth, Beams on its grave, as once up - on its birth. Love not! Love not!

eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true, The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! Love not!

round the dear one's head, Faultless, im-mor-tal till they change or die, Faultless, im - mor-tal till they change or die. Love not! Love not!

Ad lib.

* This bar should be sung in even notes, to the second and third verses.

Andantino con moto.

1. Sleep in sweet re - pose! Sleep! thine eye-lids close: Hear the heav - y fall - ing rain, Hear the neighbor's dog again,

2. Hush, my dar - ling child! Hush! the wind is wild; From the grass in si - lent fear Peeps the hare with startled ear.

3. Sleep! thy check so fair Ne'er hath known a care.— Slow the dove flies o'er the plain, Searching for the ti - ny grain,

4. Hush! thine eyelids close.— Home the wand'-rer goes.— Crouch-ing in her bed of thorn Sleep the hare a - mid the corn;

Bark - ing loud, some beg - ger scar - ing And his tat - tered cloth - ing tear - ing, 'Till the poor man fright-ened goes!— Sleep in sweet re - pose.

O'er the mea - dow wide she's rac - ing With the green-clad hun - ter chas - ing. See, she run-neth, swift and wild! Hush my dar - ling child.

While her tim - id young are say - ing, "E'en till sun - set moth - er's stay - ing," Frightened at its ro - sy glare, Sleep! thou hast no care.

Lit - tle birds have ceased their sing - ing, Neath their mother's wings are cling - ing. All the wea - ry seek re - pose; Hush! thine eyelids close.

Rall.

1. Scorn ro-man-tic Po-et's dic-tion, Eas-tern bow'rs and sun-ny skies; Smiling bouris, worlds of fic-tion, E-qual not Sa-lo-pean joys.

2. Matchless youth, whose sword ne'er falters, Shrinks to foe or quails to fear, Peerless dames, whose lovely daughters Crown the ev-er blooming year.

3. If true bliss, be worth thy seeking, Find this flow'ry verdant shade; Hearts ne'er found, but left it breaking, For those sunny banks they've stray'd.

If love's lay can cheer thy breast, 'Tis in these val-leys speaking, love! The world hast not a land so blest, As bloom around the Wreaken, love!

Crystal stream and flow'ry vales, Where bees are honey sucking, love! Sweet nightingales can tell thee tales, While roaming round the Wreaken love!

There sweeter falls the summer dew, But day I see is breaking, love! To all my friends I bid adieu, To dream about the Wreaken, love!

Fai - ry forms with ar - dent wish - es, Warbling songs that nev - er cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, E - qual not Sa - lo - pean joys.

Fai - ry forms with ar - dent wish - es, Warbling songs that nev - er cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, E - qual not Sa - lo - pean joys.

This musical score is for a round. It features five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

1. She wore a wreath of 'ro - ses, The night that first we met, Her love - ly face was smil - ing Be - neath her curls of

2. A wreath of or - ange blos - soms, When next we met, she wore; Th' ex - pression of her features Was more thoughtful than be -

3. And once again I see that brow, No bri - dal wreath is there; The widow's som - bre cap conceals Her once lux - u - riant

This musical score is for a three-part setting of the song 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses'. It features three vocal parts (1, 2, and 3) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 2/4. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

jet; Her foot-steps had the lightness, Her voice the joy-ous tone, The to-kens of a youthful heart, Where sor-row is un-
 fore; And stand-ing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To soothe her, leav-ing that dear home She ne'er might view a-
 hair; She weeps in si-lent sol-i-tude, And there is no one near To press her hand with-in his own, And wipe a-way a

known; I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the wreath of summer flow-ers, Up-on her snow-y brow.
 gain. I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the wreath of or-ange blossoms, Up-on her snow-y brow.
 tear; I see her brok-en hear-ted, Yet, me-thinks I see her now, In the pride of youth and beau-ty, With a garland on her brow.

THEY SAID MY LOVE WOULD CHANGE WITH TIME.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. They said my love would change with time, That all the spell would break and die For future years, a fleeting

2. They said my love would change with time, A thoughtless dream of way-ward youth And die, as from the ear a

chime, To which the heart would not re - ply. Oh! little could such beings know, The ear-liest love is still the be - st, Its

rhyme, Which bears not with its beau - ty, truth : They know not how my spirit turns, Still yearn-ing, to that life-fed ray, Whose

echo in the heart will grow, Nor fade a - way to dreamless rest ; An ech-o that with time will grow, In sorrowing beauty with its

only change is that it burns Still brighter each . . suc-ceed-ing day ; A star of love thro' life to glow, A voice-ful joy, an ech-o

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*.

chime, A spell those hearts could never know, Who said my love would change with time, Who said my love, my love would change with time.

chime, A spell those hearts could never know, Who said my love would change with time, Who said my love, my love would change with time.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It includes the same four vocal staves and grand piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated. The music concludes with a *Ritard.* (ritardando) marking, indicated by a hairpin and the word 'Ritard.' in the piano part. The final notes are marked with a final 'E' time signature.

YE HIGH-BORN SPANISH NOBLEMEN.

1. Ye high-born Span-ish No-ble-men, Ye Dons and Cav-a-liers, Ah, lit-tle do you think up-on the

low-ly Mu-le-teers; To earn an hon-est live-li-hood what toils, what care we know, Small our gains, great our pains, O'er the

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four staves: two for the vocal line and two for the piano accompaniment. The second system also has four staves: two for the vocal line and two for the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a soprano or alto clef, and the piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Parch'd with heat, drench'd with
hills o'er the plain, Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain, Still the mu - le-teers must go, Parch'd with heat, drench'd with
Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain, the mu - le - teers must go. drench'd with

rain, Still the mu - le - teers must go, Still the mu - le - teers must go.
rain, Still the mu - le - teers must go, Still the mu - le - teers must go.
rain, &c.

2

When darkness overtakes us,
Our mules to droop begin ;
Fatigu'd and spent, what joy we feel
To reach the wished for Inn.
We drain the wine keg jollily,
We toss it to and fro ;
While to sleep, as we creep,
Maritones may weep,
That when day-light does peep,
Then the Muleteers must go.

Fine.

1. Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch! Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch! Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch!

D. C.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o-ny; But ah the fickle, faithless queen, She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

2. O, she was a can-ty quean, Weel could she dance the Highland walloch; How happy I, had she been mine, Or I been Roy of Al-di-val-loch!

3. Her hair, sae fair, her e'en sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie, To me she ev-er will be dear, Though she's forever left her Johnnie.

1. Duncan Gray came here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, On new year's day when we were fou, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Maggie cuist her head fu' high,

2. Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

3. Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, Slighted love is fair to'bide, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Shall I like a fool, quoth he,

Look'd ask-lent and un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a biegh Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin', Spak' o' louping o'er a linn; Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

For a haughty hiz-zie dee! She may gae to France for me! Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

4

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sich, as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! her een they spak' sic things,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

5

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan cou'd na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Fine.

1. Life let us cher - ish, While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow' - ret, Pluck ere it close.

Duet or Trio.

Tutti.


D. C.

Why are we fond of toil and care? Why choose the rankling thorn to wear, And heedless by the li - ly stray, Which blossoms in our way?

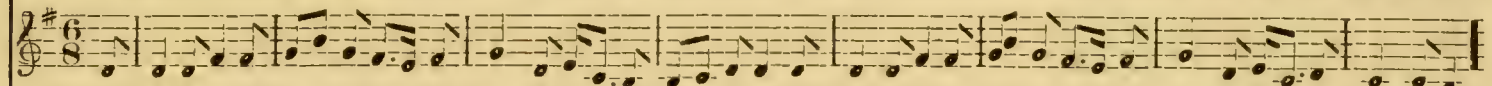
2. When clouds ob - cure the at - mosphere, And fork - ed lightnings rend the air, The sun resumes its sil - ver crest, And smiles a - adorn the west.

3. The gen - ial sea - sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we quit the shore, Con - tent - ment seek; it is life's zest, The sun - shine of the breast.

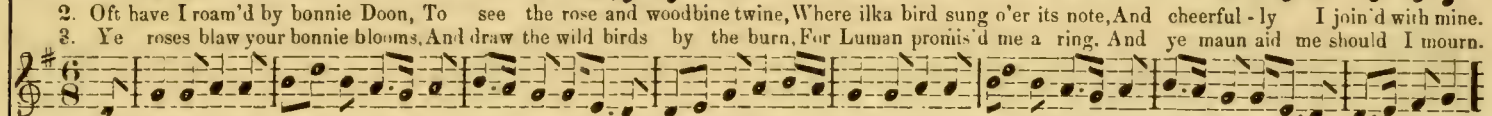
4. A - way with eve - ry toil and care, And cease the rankling thorn to wear; With manful hearts life's conflict meet, Till death sounds the re - treat.



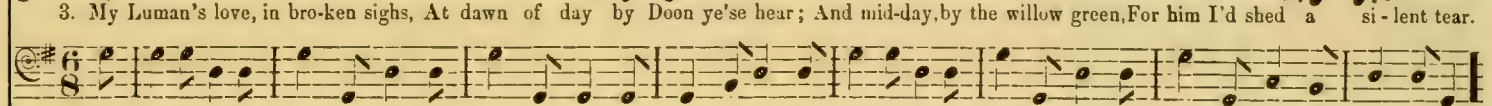
1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sa fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care?



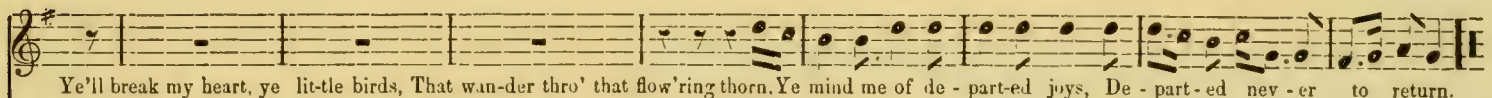
2. Oft have I roam'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, Where ilka bird sung o'er its note, And cheerful - ly I join'd with mine.



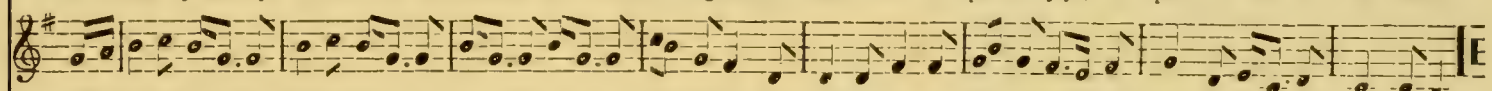
3. Ye roses blaw your bonnie blooms, And draw the wild birds by the burn, For Luman promis'd me a ring, And ye maun aid me should I mourn.



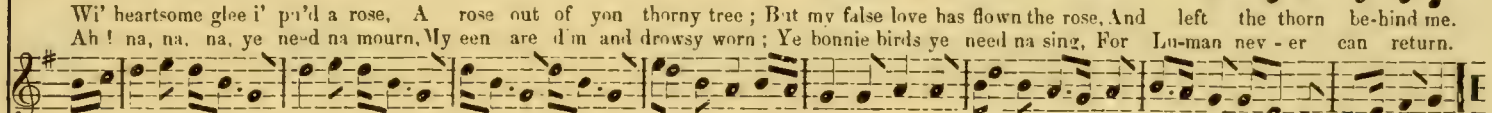
3. My Luman's love, in bro-ken sighs, At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear; And mid-day, by the willow green, For him I'd shed a si - lent tear.

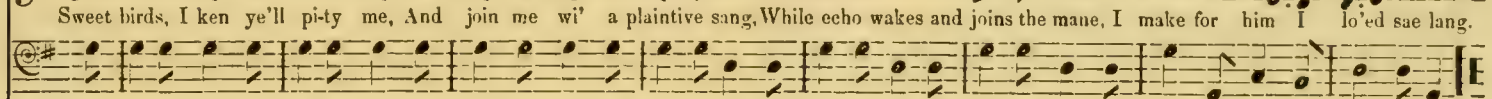
Ye'll break my heart, ye lit-tle birds, That wan-der thro' that flow'ring thorn. Ye mind me of de - part-ed joys, De - part-ed nev - er to return.



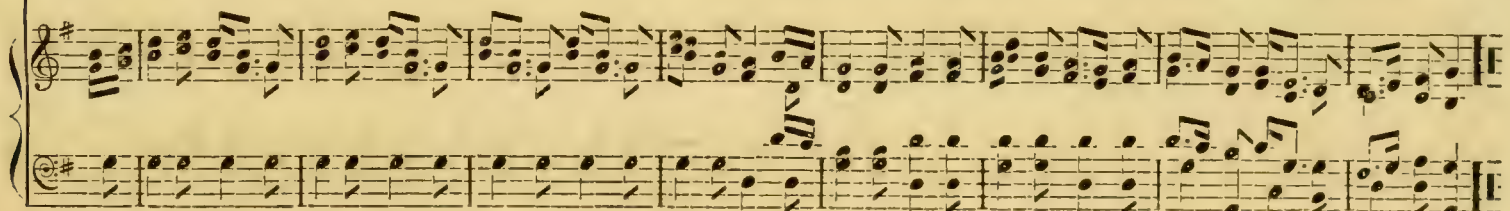
Wi' heartsome glee i' p'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorny tree; But my false love has flown the rose, And left the thorn be-hind me.



Ah! na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are d'm and drowsy worn; Ye bonnie birds ye need na sing, For Lu-man nev - er can return.



Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pi-ty me, And join me wi' a plaintive sang, While echo wakes and joins the mane, I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.



I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as - sembled with -

This system contains the first five staves of the musical score. The first staff is the vocal melody in treble clef, key of B-flat major (two flats), and 3/8 time. The second staff continues the vocal melody. The third staff is the vocal melody with the lyrics. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

Solo.

in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride; I had rich - es too great to count, could boast Of a high an -

This system contains the next five staves of the musical score. The first staff is the vocal melody in treble clef, key of B-flat major, and 3/8 time. The second staff continues the vocal melody. The third staff is the vocal melody with the lyrics. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. The lyrics are: "in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride; I had rich - es too great to count, could boast Of a high an -".

Chorus.

ces - tral name, But I al - - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you loved me still the same, That you loved me, you

loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

2

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
 That knights upon bended knee,
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
 They pledged their faith to me ;
 And I dreamt that one of that noble host,
 Came forth my hand to claim ;
 But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. I am thy guardian an-gel, sweet maid, and I rest In my own cho-sen tem-ple, thy in-no-cent breast; At midnight I

2. The thoughts of thy heart are re-cord-ed by me; There are some, which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee, Steal sweet-ly and

3. I breathe o'er thy slumbers, sweet dreams of de-light, Till you wake but to sigh for the vis-ions of night. Then re-mem-ber

steal from my sa-cred re-treat, When the cords of thy heart in soft u-ni-son beat; When thy bright eye is clos'd, when thy dark tres-ses

si-lent-ly o'er thy pure breast, Just ruf-fling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest, Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathless-ly

where'er your path-way may be, Be it clouded with sorrow, or bril-liant with joy, My spir-it shall watch thee, wher-ev-er thou

flow, In beau-ti-ful wreaths o'er thy pil-lows of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to
lies, With its own mim-ic mountains and star spangled skies; I stretch my light pin-ions a-round thee when sleep-ing, To guard thee from
art, My in-cense shall rise from the throne of thy heart, Fare-well! for the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of

This system contains the first four staves of music. The vocal melody is on a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand is on a treble clef and the left hand is on a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (C).

mu-sic which flows from my heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to mu-sic which flows from thy heart.
spir-its of sor-row and weeping, I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spir-its of sor-row and weeping.
morning are wreath'd round my head. Farewell! for the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

This system contains the next four staves of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs at the end of each staff.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang

2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wandered mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

3
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4
And there's a hand my trustie feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

5
And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

1. Come, oh come with me, the moon is beaming; Come, oh come with me, the stars are gleaming; All a-round, a-bove, with beau-ty

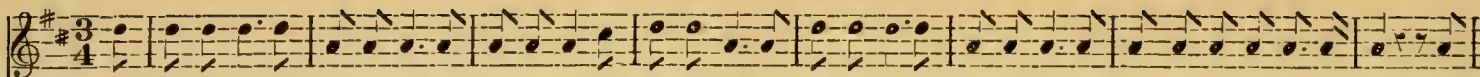
2. My skiff is on the shore, she's light and free; To ply the feathered oar is joy to me; And while we glide a-long, my song shall

Fine.

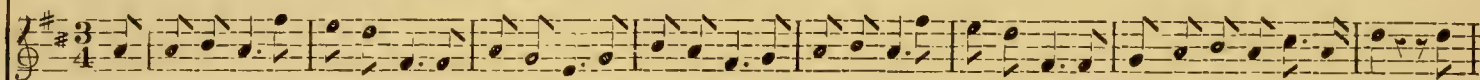
teeming; Moonlight hours are meet for love. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, la.

be, My dear-est maid, I love but thee. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, la.

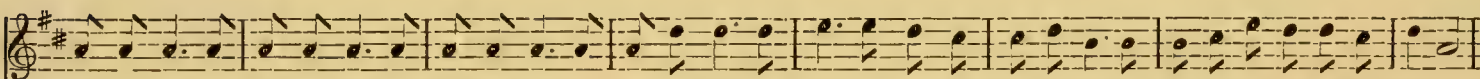
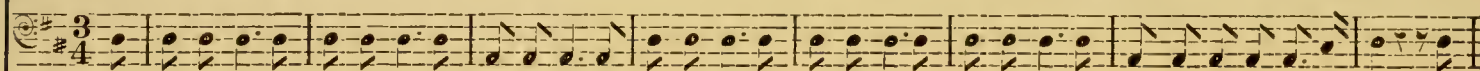
D. C.



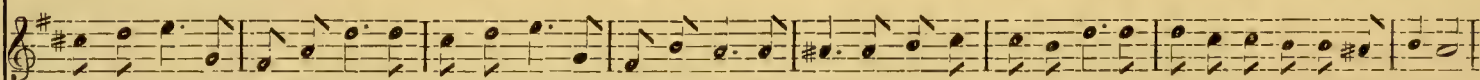
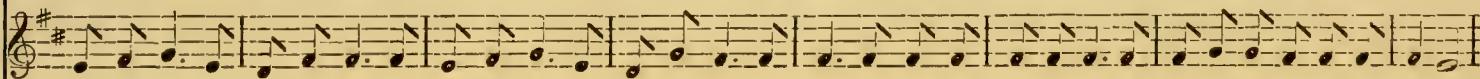
1. The dream is past, and with it fled The hopes that once my passion fed; And darkly die, 'mid grief and pain, The joys which gone, come not again; My



2. They cannot see the silent tear, That falls uncheck'd when none are near; Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh, That leaves my breast when they are by. I



soul in si - lence and in tears, Has cherish'd now for ma - ny years, A love for one, who does not know The tho'ts that in my bosom glow. Oh!



know my cheek is pa - ler now, And smiles no lon - ger deck my brow; 'Tis youth's de - cay, 'twill soon begin, To tell the tho'ts that dwell within. Oh!



cease my heart, thy throbbing hide, A - noth - er soon will be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheering ray, Will then for ev - er pass a - way.

let me rouse my sleeping pride, And from his gaze, my feelings hide; He shall not smile, to think that I, With love for him could pine and die.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the vocal line. The fourth system continues the vocal line. The fifth system continues the vocal line and the piano accompaniment.

SAD HOUR OF PARTING.

BELLINI.

Andante con espressione.

Sad hour of part-ing! too quickly here! Spir - its to se - ver link'd by each thought Bringing thy anguish! thy bitter tear! thy bit - ter

2. Oh, thou Bless'd spirit! bend kindly down Drooping, Behold us! 'neath adverse fate. Shel - ter us from its with - ering frown, its with'ring

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the vocal line. The fourth system continues the vocal line. The fifth system continues the vocal line and the piano accompaniment.

tear! Lonely we'll wander thro' the day, Hopeless must weep thro' night's delay; Our hearts are breaking, with this farewell!

frown. To thy protection now we flee, Safe in thy shadow let us be! In sorrow parted by fate's compel!

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

with this fare - well! Fare - - - well! Oh! must we say farewell! Fare - - - well! Oh! must we say fare - well!

by stern com - pel! Fare - - - well! It is our last farewell, Fare - - - well! It is our last fare - well!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It includes the lyrics for the second and third lines of the song. The piano part features a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking in the final measures of the system. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

SLOW.

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau-ty bright, My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hopes may bloom, and

2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; We'll nev - er meet a

3 Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er for- got, Which love first traced; Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot, On memory's waste! 'Twas o - dor fled as

days may come, Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream, Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream

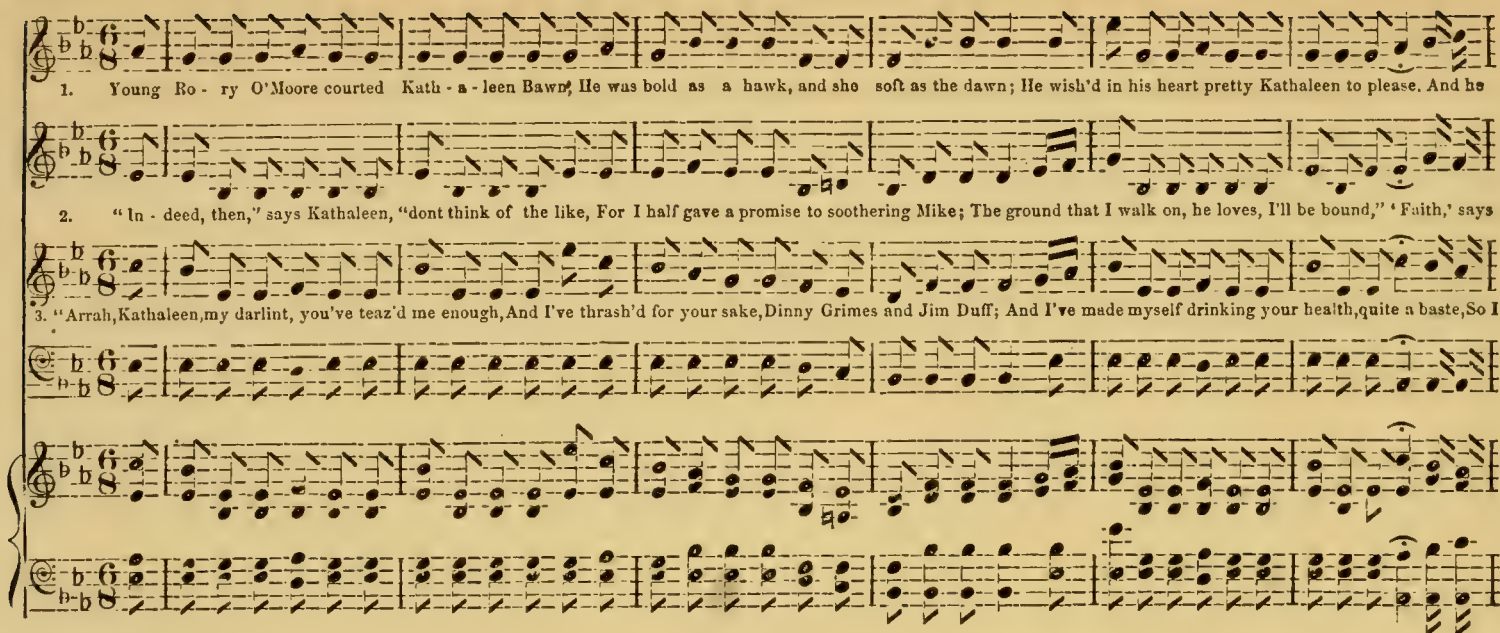
joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And, at eve - ry close, she blushed to hear The once-loved name.

soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again, On life's dull stream.

1. Young Ro-ry O'Moore courted Kath-a-leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathaleen to please. And he

2. "In-deed, then," says Kathaleen, "dont think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound," 'Faith,' says

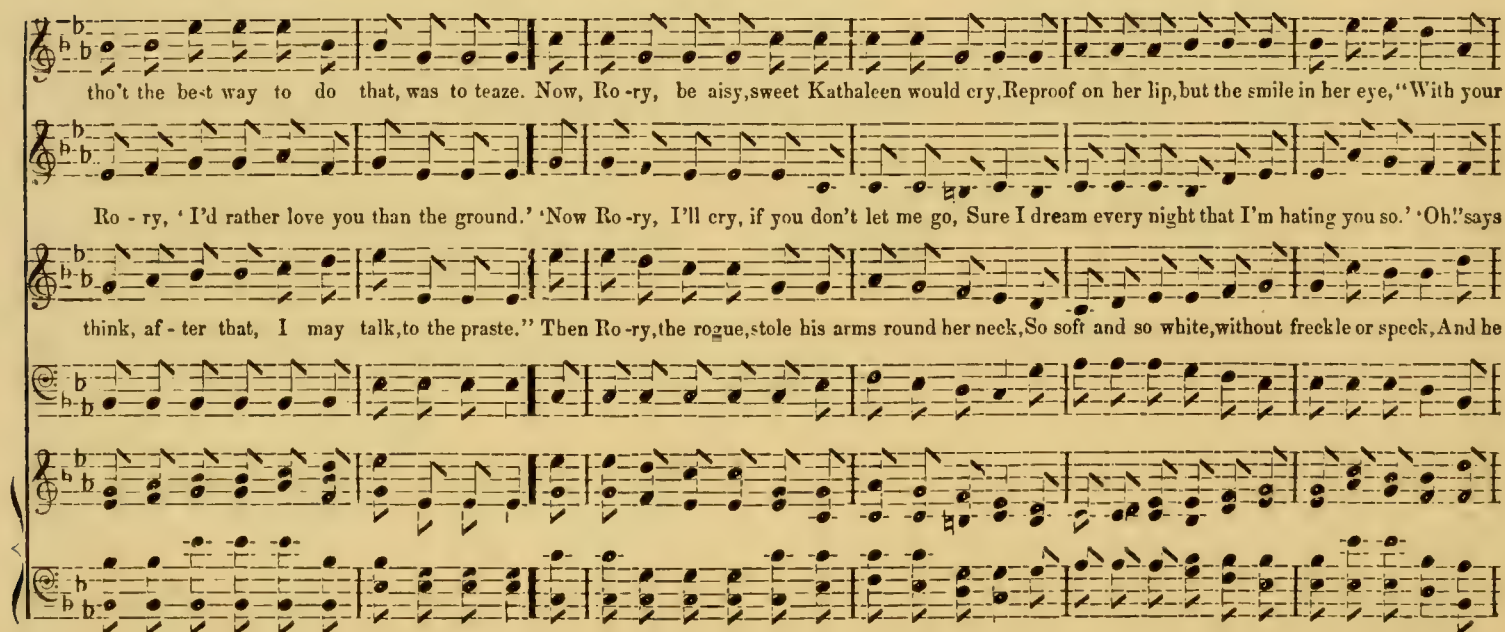
3. "Arrah, Kathaleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself drinking your health, quite a baste, So I



tho't the best way to do that, was to tease. Now, Ro-ry, be aisy, sweet Kathaleen would cry, Reproof on her lip, but the smile in her eye, "With your

Ro-ry, 'I'd rather love you than the ground.' 'Now Ro-ry, I'll cry, if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so.' 'Oh' says

think, af-ter that, I may talk, to the praste." Then Ro-ry, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck, And he



tricks I don't know in truth what I'm about, Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh, jewell," says Ro-ry, "that same is the way, You've Ro - ry, ' that same I'm de - light- ed to hear, For dhrames always go by contrharies, my dear; Oh, jewell ! keep dhraming that same till you die, And looked in her eyes that were beaming with light, And he kissed her sweet lips, Don't you think he was right? Now Rory leave off, -ir, you'll hug me no more, That's

thra- ted my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure? For, 'tis all for good luck, ' says bold Rory O'Moore. morn- ing, will give dir - ty night the black lie ; And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck, ' says told Rory O'Moore. eight times to - day that you've kissed me be - fore. ' Then here goes a - nother,' says he, ' to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'Moore."

THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

1. The sun-ny, sun-ny hours of childhood, How soon, how soon they pass a-way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wildwood, That once bloom'd fresh and

2. The friends, the friends we saw a-round us, In boyhood's hap-py, hap-py days, The fai-ry, fai-ry links that bound us, No feel-ing now dis-

gay, But the per-fume of the flow-ers, And the freshness of the heart, Live but a few brief hours; And then for aye de-part. The

plays, For time hath chang'd for-ev-er, What youth can-not re-tain, And we may know ah never, Those sun-ny hours a-gain. The

sun-ny, sun-ny hours of child-hood, How soon they pass a-way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wild-wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay.

sun-ny, sun-ny hours of child-hood, How soon they pass a-way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wild-wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Allegretto. *F. no.* *D. C.*

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one morning was tripping, With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine, } Oh, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now, Shure, shure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain. } [meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O Bar-ney M' Clea-ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

2. I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her, That such a misfortune should give her such pain, }
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her, She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again. } 'Twas hay-making season, I cant tell the reason, Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain,
For re-ry soon after poor Kitty's dis-as-ter, The dev-il a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Poco Allegretto.

1. I've come across the sea, I've brav'd every dan - ger, For a broth - er dear to me, from Swissland a ranger; Then pi - ty, as - sist and pro-tect the poor

2. Come round me Ladies fair, I've ribbands and la - ces, I've trink - ets rich and rare to add to the gra - ces, Of waist, neck or arm, or your pret - ty

3. I've paint and I've per - fume, for those who may choose them, Young la - dies I pre - sume you all will refuse them, The bloom on your cheek shews that you never

4. I've a cross to make you smart, On your breast you may bear it, Just o'er your lit - tle heart I ad - vise you to wear it; I hope that no oth - er cross e'er will come

stranger, And buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Then buy a toy, buy a toy, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

fa - ces: Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Then buy a lit - tle toy, buy a lit - tle toy, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

use them; Yet buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Yet buy a lit - tle toy, buy a toy, Yet buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

near it, Yes I do, so buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne. Ah! yes I do, yes I do, So buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

1. I wan-dered by the brook-side, I wan-dered by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow; The noi-sy wheel was

2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still long-er, I did not feel a -

3. He came not, no, he came not, The night came on a-lone; The lit-tle stars set one by one, Each on his gold-en

4. Fast si-lent tears were flowing, When something stood be-hind, A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was

still; There was no sound of grass-hop-per, No chirp of a-ny bird, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

fraid, For I listened for a foot-fall, I listened for a word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

throne; The evening air pass'd by my cheek. The leaves above were stirred, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

kind; It drew me near, near-er, We did not speak one word, For the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

I'VE LEFT THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS.

1. I've left the snowclad hills, Where my father's hut doth stand, My own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, for a stran-ger land, A

2. Be-side those snow-clad hills, Where my father's hut doth stand, Dwells one to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand,

Be -

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the third line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in a soprano voice part, and the piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the corresponding musical staves.

stran - ger land, I'm but a poor young girl, In my sim - ple peas-ant guise, Unskill'd in all the arts and wiles, That worldlings prize, that

But not with-out a heart Would I pledge with word or vow, And I've no heart to give him, For he has it now,

- - stow my hand,

This block continues the musical score from the previous one. It contains the third line of the song and a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody continues in the soprano voice part, and the piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding musical staves.

worldlings prize. I trill my mountain lay, Ev'-ry where I chance to roame, Oh sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to

That youth, he is so no-ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh soon-er than de-ser-t him, I'd lie me in my

has it now.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

home, No place can ev-er be to me Like that dear home, Like that dear home, My own sweet home, My own be-lov-ed home.

grave, No won-der I am pin-ing, then, For that dear home, For that dear home, My own sweet home, My own be-lov-ed home.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff continues the vocal line, and the second staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

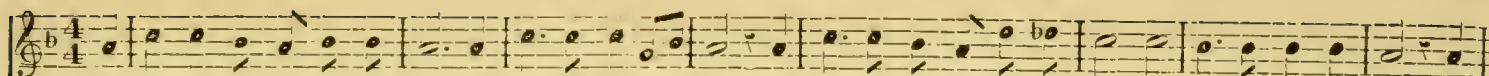
SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

1. Scenes that are brightest may charm a - while, Hearts which are lightest, And eyes that shine, Yet o'er them, a - bove us,

2. Words can - not scat-ter, the thoughts we fear, For tho' they flat-ter, They mock the ear, Hopes will still de - ceive us,

Though na-ture beam with none to love us, How sad they seem With none to love us, How sad they seem.

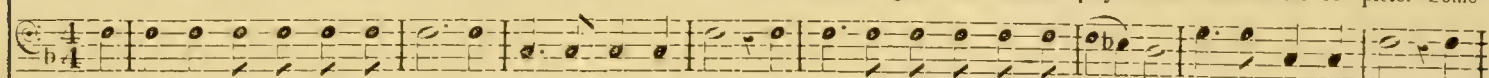
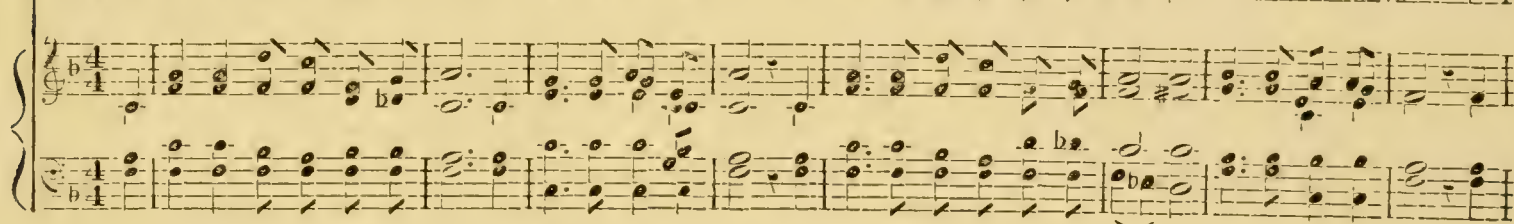

With tear - ful cost, and when they leave us, The heart is lost, And when they leave us, The heart is lost.




1. In hap-py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass In swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's unerring glass, Yet



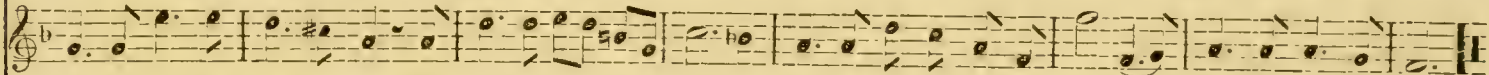
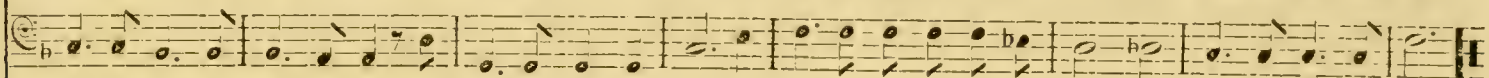
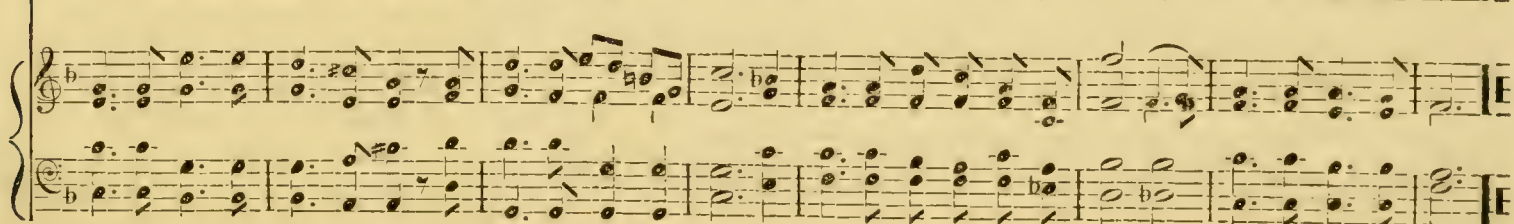
2. Tho' anxious eyes up-on us gaze, And hearts with fondness beat, Whose smile upon each feature plays, With truthfulness re - plete. Some

hopes we used as bright to deem, Remembrance will re - call, Whose pure and whose unfading beam, Is dearer than them all.



thoughts none oth - er can replace, Remembrance will re - call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dearer than them all.

UP, UP, TO THE ALPS.

1. { Up, up, to the Alps, lads, the day is be - fore you; Hil - li - ho, hil - li - ho, bil - li, hil - li - ho, . . . Hil - li - ho, Hil - li - ho,
 { There bright shining summits are streaming with glo - ry;

Are pranc - ing a - way in the re - gion of snow. Hil - li - ho, hil - li - ho, bil - li, hil - li - ho . . . Hil - li - ho, Hil - li - ho,

Fin. hil - li, hil - li - ho, Up, up to the spot where the buck and the doe, *D. C.*

2 To grace our loved home, see what splendors are given,
 Above, and around, making earth like a heaven;
 Hilliho, hilliho, &c.

With fellowship worthy the boon let us go,
 And join in the chase, first of pleasures below.

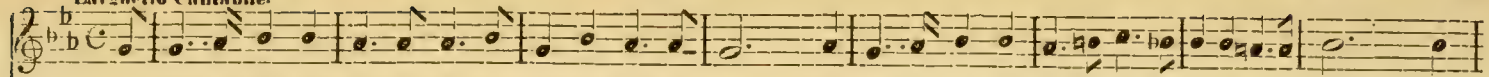
3 hil - li, hil - li - ho. Look down on the vale, where our dear ones are dwelling,
 Or bither at eve, with our glad music swelling,
 Hilliho! hilliho, &c.
 We'll haste, of our skill the wild trophies to show,
 And rouse hill and dale with our homeward hallo.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

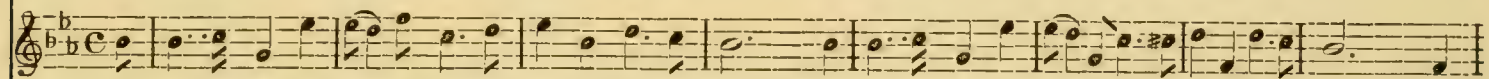
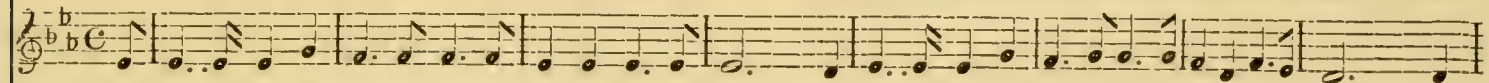
M. W. BALFE.

97

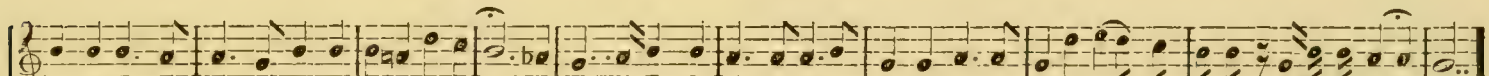
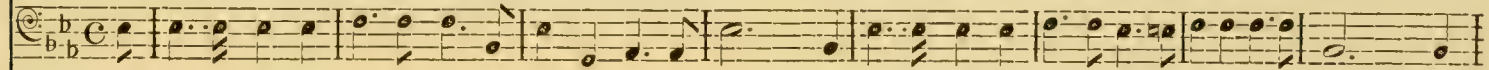
Larghetto Cantabile.



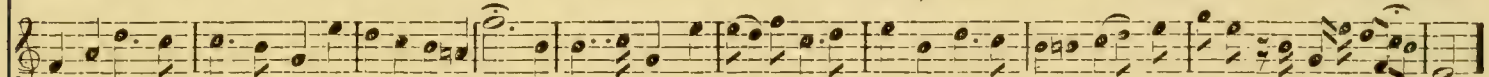
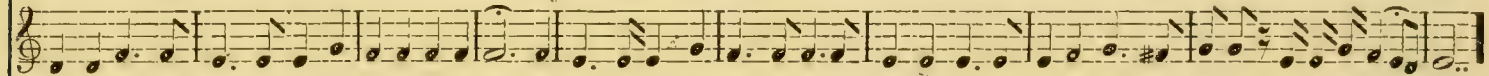
1. O smile as thou wert wont to smile, Be - fore the weight of care Had crush'd thy heart, and for a while Left only sorrow there, Some



2. O nev - er name de - part-ed days, Nor vows you whispered then, Round which too sad a feeling plays, To trust their tones again, Re-



thoughts perchance 'twere best to quell, Some impulse to forget, O'er which should mem'ry cease to dwell, We may be happy yet, we may be happy, we may be happy yet.



gard their shadows round thee cast, As if we ne'er had met, And thus un-mind-ful of the past, We may be hap-py yet, we may be happy, we may be happy yet.



Andante con moto.

1. Oh! whis-per what thou feel-est that no un-bal-low'd ear, May list-en to the Mu-sic of words to me so dear! But

2. The bash-ful bird of e-ven that shuns the plum-ed throng, Pours forth her plaintive ma-gic, When none can hear her song, And

if their tones should fal-ter, And on thy lip should die, Oh let their hon-ied sweetness Be gather'd from thy sigh. Oh! whisper what thou

so do thou but whis-per the sounds that I would hear, When their en-chanting soft-ness can reach none o-ther ear. Oh! whisper what thou

feel - est, that no un - hal - low'd ear, May list - en to the mu - sic, of words to me so dear!

feel - est, that no un - hal - low'd ear, May list - en to the mu - sic, of words to me so dear!

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The next four staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Fine. D. C.

1. Row gent - ly here, my gon - do - lier, So soft - ly wake the tide ! } Had heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star - ry eyes to see,
That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide : }
Oh ! think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

2. Now rest thee here, my gon - do - lier, Hush, hush, for up I go, } Oh ! did we take for heav'n a - bove But half such pain as we
To climb yon light pi - azza's height, While thou keep'st watch below ; }
Take day and night, for woman's love, What an - gels we should be.

D. C.

The musical score for 'ROW GENTLY HERE.' consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The next four staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be! O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair! He promis'd to bring me a

2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be! O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair! He promis'd to bring me a

fairing would please me, And then for a kiss O! he vow'd he would tease me; He promis'd to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair.

bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Andantino.

1. A home without a mother A drear-y spot must be, No mat-ter when we lose her, In age or in - fan - cy, But

2. A home without a mother I nev - er can for - get, Her cherish'd form, her look of love, Are present with me yet, And

3. A home without a mother; Her gen - tle spir - it's flown; And in this dreary world, a - las! I find my-self a - lone, And

next to this no care I vow, Can so distress our life, As day by day, to trav-el to A home without a Wife.

but for this no earth - ly care Can so distress our life, As day by day, to trav-el to A home without a Wife.

but for this no care I vow, Can so distress our life, And I'll no long - er trav-el to A home without a Wife.

THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

1. In the wild cha-mois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunt-er's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the

2. I have cross'd the proud alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there is no spot Like the sim-ple cot, And the hill and the val-ley I

Al-pine horn, Tra la la la la la la la, O that voice to me, Is a voice of glee, Wherev-er my footsteps roam, And I

call my own, Tra la la la la la la la la, There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bo-soms without a fear; For our

long to bound, When I hear that sound, A-gain to my moun-tain home. In the wild Chamois track, at the break-ing of morn. With a

toil is play, And our sport the fray, With the mountain roe or deer. In the wild Chamois track at the break-ing of morn, With a

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) with lyrics. The next two staves are vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn, La la la la la la la la, Tra..... la la la la la la la la la.

The second system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The next two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. The lyrics include "Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la." and "La la la la la la la la, Tra..... la la la la la la la la la.".

HOURS THERE WERE.

1. Hours there were, to memory dearer, Than the sun-bright scenes of day ; Friends were dearer, joys were nearer, But a - las, they've fled a - way.

2. Oft when evening fad - ed mildly, O'er the wave our bark would rove ; Then we've heard the night-bird wildly, Breathe his vesper tale of love.

3. But in dreams let love be near me, With the joys that bloomed before ; Slumb'ring then 'twill sweetly cheer me, Calm to live my pleasures o'er ;

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major, 2/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, key of D major, 2/4 time). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Oh ! 'twas when the moonlight playing, O'er the val-ley's si - lent grove, Told the blissful hour for straying, With my fond, my si - lent love.

Songs like his, my love would sing me, Songs that war-ble round me yet ; Ah ! but where does mem'ry bring me, Scenes like those I must forget.

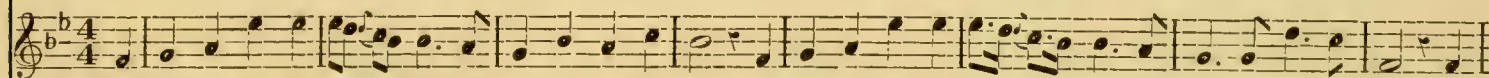
Then per-haps some hope may waken, In this heart de - prest with care, And like flowers in vale for - saken, Live a lone-ly beauty there.

The musical score continues with two more systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major, 2/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, key of D major, 2/4 time). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

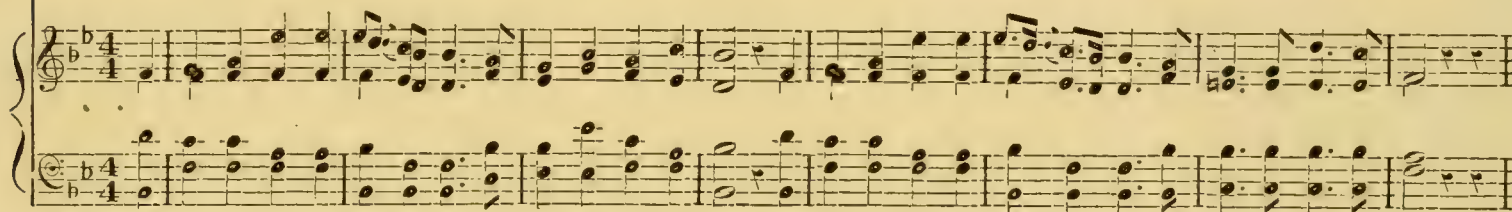
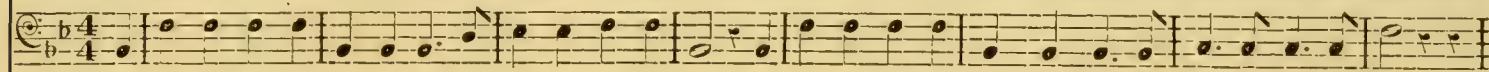
Andante Cantabile.



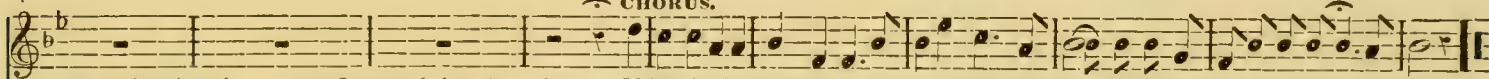
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, Their tales of love shall tell, In language whose ex - cess im - parts The power they feel so well ; There



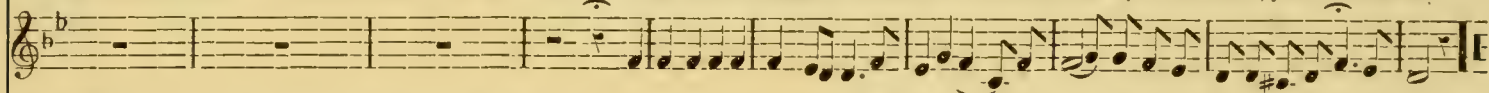
2. When coldness or de - ceit shall slight The beauty now they prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your eyes, When



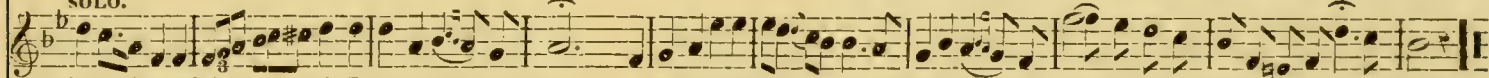
CHORUS.



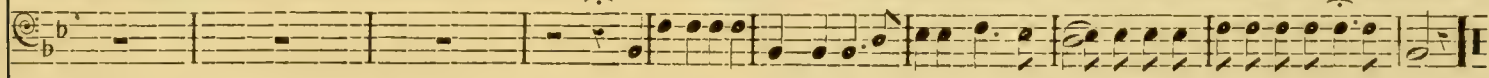
may perhaps in such a scene, Some recol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as happy been, And you'll remember me, and you'll remember, you'll remember me.



SOLO.



hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your heart to see, In such a moment I but ask, That you'll remember me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.



THE CARRIER DOVE.

1. Fly a - way to my native land sweet dove, Fly away to my na - tive land, And bear these lines to my lady-love, That I've traced with a feeble hand, She

2. Oh! fly to her bower and say the chain Of the tyrant is on me now; That I never shall mount my steed again With hel - met on my brow; No

3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy visit at eve: But bring me a line from my lady love, And then I shall cease to grieve; I can

marv'ls much at my long delay, A rumor of death she has heard, Or she thinks perhaps I falsely stray, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

friend to my lattice a sol - ace brings, Ex - cept when your voice is heard; When you beat the bars with your snowy wings, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

bear in a dungeon to waste a-way youth, I can fall by the conq'ror's sword; But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

Allegretto.



1. Will you come with me my Phillis, dear, to yon blue mountain free, Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me, It's every Sunday morning when I am by your
2. Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet, I have a cab-in Phil lis, and something good to eat. Come listen to my sto-ry, it will relieve my
3. Do you believe my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth, Can make you half so happy, as I with youth and health? We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and
4. Your lips are red as pop-pies, your hair so slick and neat, All braided up with dahlias, and hol-lyhocks so sweet. It's eve-ry Sunday morning, when I am by your
5. To - geth-er on life's journey, We'll travel till we stop, And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top. Then come with me sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely



side, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wag-on, and we'll all take a ride.
heart, So jump in - to the Wagon, and off we will start, Wait for the Wagon, &c.
cow, And you will mind the dai-ry, while I will guide the plough. Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.
side, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon,
bride, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHEER UP, MY OWN JEANNETTE.

1. Cheer up, cheer up, my own Jeannette, Tho' far a - way I go, In all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jean-not, And,

2 Why ev - er since the world be - gan, The sur - est road to fame Has ev - er been the field, where men Might win themselves a name, And

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath.

if I win both fame and gold, Ah! be not so un - kind To think I could for - get you, And the home I leave be - hind. There's

well I know the bright-est eyes Have ev - er bright-er shone, When look-ing at some war - rior bold Re - turned from bat - tles won; And

This block contains the continuation of the musical score from the previous block. It follows the same format with two systems of staves. The lyrics continue across the vocal line. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

not a la - dy in the land, E'en if she were the Queen, Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, So true as you have been, They

you would put an end to deeds Which la - dies love so well, And have no tales of val - or left For his - to - ry to tell; The

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) with lyrics. The last two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

must have gal - lant warriors, chance hath cast the lot on me, But mind you this, the sol - dier, love, Shall no de - - sert - - er be.

soldier's is a no - ble trade, Then, Jeannette, rail no more, Were on - ly kings al - lowed to fight. There's be an end to war.

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The last two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The system concludes with a double bar line.

Allegretto.

1. Oh there's not a thrade that's go - ing Worth show - ing, Or know - ing, Like that from glo - ry grow - ing, For a

2. But when we get the route, How they pout And they shout, While to the right a - bout, Goes the

bowl'd so - ger boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the

bowl'd so - ger boy! 'Tis then that la - dies fair In de - spair Tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the

Cres.

bowl'd so - ger boy, There's not a town we march thro', But la - dies look - ing arch thro' The win - dow panes will sarch Thro' the

Cres. mf Dim. Cres. Molto. Dim.

bowl'd so - ger boy, For the world is all be - fore us, Where the land - la - dies a - dore us, And ne'er 'fuse to score us, But

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment. Dynamics include Crescendo, mezzo-forte (mf), Diminuendo (Dim.), Crescendo (Cres.), Molto, and Diminuendo (Dim.).

ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet, With looks so sly, Will cry, "My eye! oh! is n't he a darling, The bowl'd so-ger boy!"

p Cres. Sempre. p

chalks us up with joy, We taste her tap, We tear her cap, "Oh that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is n't he a darling, The bowl'd so-ger boy!"

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p), Crescendo (Cres.), Sempre, and piano (p).

THE HAPPY DAYS OF LIFE ARE O'ER.

1. The hap - py days of life are o'er, The hopes they nursed as well ; The hopes they nursed as well, And she is gone who o'er them cast

2. The throbbing pulse, the fever'd brain, And her the cause of all, And her the cause of all, The dreams of bliss now sought in vain

The musical score is written for two voices and piano. It features two verses of lyrics. The first verse is: "1. The hap - py days of life are o'er, The hopes they nursed as well ; The hopes they nursed as well, And she is gone who o'er them cast". The second verse is: "2. The throbbing pulse, the fever'd brain, And her the cause of all, And her the cause of all, The dreams of bliss now sought in vain". The music is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment includes chords and arpeggiated figures.

Her all re-sist-less spell, Her all re - - sist - less spell. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -

'Twere i - dle to re-call, 'Twere i - dle to re - call. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -

This section continues the musical score with two more lines of lyrics. The first line is: "Her all re-sist-less spell, Her all re - - sist - less spell. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -". The second line is: "'Twere i - dle to re-call, 'Twere i - dle to re - call. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -". The musical notation continues with vocal lines and piano accompaniment, maintaining the 4/4 time and one-flat key signature.

gain the sea, That ingrate heart will nev-er shed, will nev-er shed a single tear for thee, A single tear for thee.

-- gain the sea, That ingrate heart will nev-er shed, will nev-er shed a single tear for thee, A single tear for thee.

I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND.

1. I have come from a happy land, Where care is un-known, }
I have part-ed a merry band, To make thee mine own. }
2. The summer has its hea-ry cloud, The rose-leaf will fall; }
But in our home joy wears no shroud, Never does it pall, }
Haste, haste, fly with me, Where Love's banquet waits for thee; Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine a-lone.
Each new morning ray, Leaves no sigh for yes-ter-day, No smile pass'd a-way, Would we re-call.

3. Is trouble on my youthful brow, Sorrow on thy soul? }
O heed them not who for thee now Wreath the midnight bowl. }
4. But the touch of a gentle hand Trouble can re-move, }
And pain will cease when lightly fanned By the breath of love. }
There you'll seek in vain For a balm to banish pain: Nought your lip can drain Will grief con-trol.
And when fond hearts beat, Together, sorrow must retreat. Touch'd by music meet For realms a-bove.

5. Then hence to the happy land, Where care is un-known, }
And first in a merry band, I'll make thee mine own; }
Haste! haste! fly with me, For love's ban-quet waits for thee, Thine its sweets shall be, And thine a-lone.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. Will you walk in - to my parlor, said a spi-der to a fly, 'Tis the prettiest lit-tle par - lor that you ev - er did spy, }
You have on - ly got to pass your head with - in side of the door, You'll see so man - y curious things, You nev - er saw be - fore. }

2. Will you grant me one sweet kiss, said the spi-der to the fly, To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - os - i - ty, }
But, if, perchance, our lips should meet, a wa - ger I would lay, Of ten to one, you would not of - ten let them come a - way. }

3. For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in, Mister fly; No, if I do, I may be shot, I'm off, so now good bye, }
Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast, The spi-der laugh'd, ha, ha, my boy, I've caught you safe at last. }

4. Now all you men take warning by this foolish lit - tle fly; For pleasure is the spider's web to catch you it will try, }
And although you may think that my ad-vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand par-ley - ing out - side of pleasure's door. }

Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?

Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?

Andante espressivo.

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma-ny friends I've met; Not one fair scene or kind-ly smile, Can

mp

2. If England were my place of birth, I'd love her tran - quil shore; And if Co - lum - bia were my home, Her

this fond heart for - get; But I'll confess that I'm con - tent, No more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's

freedom I'd a - dore; Tho' pleasant days in both I've pass'd, I dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's

freedom I'd a - dore; Tho' pleasant days in both I've pass'd, I dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's

freedom I'd a - dore; Tho' pleasant days in both I've pass'd, I dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's

Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.

Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

WOMAN'S HEART.

1. A youthful knight whose hopes were bent On glo-ry's bright ca - reer, Ar - ray'd himself and forth he went, A gal - lant cav - a -

2. The no - ble youth still un-dis-mayed, De - termin'd not to flee, Tho' if the truth be told, a - fraid That he might conquer'd

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

WOMAN'S HEART. CONCLUDED.

ff
- - - - - lier, A gal-lant cav-a-lier, A-gainst each foe, up-on each field, He bore a gal-lant part, But there was one who
be, That he might conquer'd be. Oh, nev-er be it said, he cried, I bore a recreant part, and fighting still for
would not yield, Yes, one that would not yield, But there was one who would not yield, And that was wo-man's heart.
what he sighed, And fight-ing for what he sighed, And fight-ing still for what he sighed, He cap-tured woman's heart.

Allegro Moderato.

1. No more shall children of Ju - dah sing, Tho lay of a hap - pier time; Or strike the harp with the golden string 'Neath the

2. O where are the sons of mine An - cient race, Who born but the jay'lin to bear; How fall'n is that ci - ty whose wreck I trace, Though once

Fine.

sun of an eastern clime; Or strike the harp with the golden string 'Neath the sun of an eas - tern clime; This, this was the lay of a

it was lovely and fair: The green grass grows on that fer - tile spot, Where once grew sweetest flow'rs; Thou Land of my kindred thou'lt

Al Segno.

Musical score for "The Maid of Judah." The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: Jew - ish Maid, But not in her fa - ther's bow'r's; So sweetly she sang, as in silence she stray'd, O'er the ruins of Babylon's tow'rs. that fer - tile spot, Where once grew sweetest flow'rs; Thou land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot, While a ruin remains of thy tow'rs.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER!

Musical score for "What's a' the Steer, Kimmer!". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: 1. What's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a' the steer? Ja - mie is landed, and soon he will be here, O lace your boddie blue, lassie, 2. Where's Donald Tod, lassie, rin, fetch him here, Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, Bid him tune right clear, For we'll taste the barley mow, foot it

lace your boddice blue, Put on your Sunday clothes, And trim your cap a - new, For I'm right glad a' heart, Kimmer, right glad a' heart, I

too and fro', Sin Ja-mie is come home, We'll gie him heart-y cheer, And it's whata' the steer, Kimmer, What's a' the steer, Ja-

hae a bonny breast-knot, and for his sake I'll wea't, Sin' Jamie is come home we hae na' care to fear, Bid the neighbors a' come down, And welcome Jamie here.

- mie is landed, and soon he will be here, Bid Allan Ramsay run, bid him kill a fatted deer, O the neighbors little ken, how welcome Jamie's here.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a brace on the left. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into two systems, each with four staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and a steady accompaniment.

HOME, PEACEFUL HOME.

Celebrated Prison Song from the Opera of
'IL TROVATORE.'

121

Andantino.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/8 time, and begins with the lyrics "Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave a-gain our peaceful home ; Ah why did I wan - der far from my loved home,". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Shall I e'er hear a - gain songs that I love? Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave me, nev-er to roam ;". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the first system.

O when shall hope breathe in - to my ear, Sweet sounds of peace, the pleasures of home?

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment, primarily consisting of chords and moving bass lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

of home, of home..... O peace - ful home, home, peaceful home!

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'of home, of home.....' followed by a long note, and then 'O peace - ful home, home, peaceful home!'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line. The system concludes with a final double bar line.

Fine.

1. Give me your hand, my own Jeannette, The wars at length are o-ver, And mer-ry are the wedding bells That welcome back the rover,
The song of peace is on our hills, And all is cheer-ful la-bour, Where late we heard the din of strife, The war-pipe and the ta-bour,

2. Rich fields of wav-ing corn are seen. Where hostile flags were streaming, And where the sword was flashing, Now the sickle bright is gleaming;
Lie still ye brawling hounds of war, Let peace our hearts enlight-en; Rest sword and rust with-in your sheath, But let the plough-share brighten,

D. C.

Good o-mens bless this hap-py day, The sun's bright rays are shedding, This lov-ing light of hope and joy, a-round the Soldier's dwelling.

Good o-mens bless this hap-py day, The sun's bright rays are shedding, This lov-ing light of hope and joy, a-round the soldier's dwelling.

Moderato Con Espressione.

1. One summer eve, with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less in-fant spot I gather'd

2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them

shells in days be-fore, I gather'd shells in days be-fore. The plashing waves like mu-sic fell, Re-sponsive to my fan-cy

one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus, I said, in ev'ry stage By toys our fan - cy is be-

wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was again, again a child.

guild, we gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the vocal line. The fourth system continues the vocal line. The fifth system continues the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in the right hand of the grand staff, with the left hand playing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

BELLINI.

mf *Invitingly.*

1. Come to the home of youth, dearest love, Come to the shade of childhood's tree ; Sweet are the winds that whisper above, Here we will ev - er hap - py

mf

2. Dark were the clouds that passed over thee ; Rude were the storms that round me blew ; But now we come to the shel - ling tree, Where love with early pleasures

mf

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the vocal line. The fourth system continues the vocal line. The fifth system continues the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in the right hand of the grand staff, with the left hand playing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

ff *>* *pp* *f* *mp*

be. Birds singing gai-ly now as then, Flit thro' the wood and glen; Hark! Loud is the voice of the wa-ter-fall,

ff *>* *pp* *f*

grew; All looks as cheer-i-ly and gay, As in that calm-er day. Yes! Here is the home of youth, dear-est love,

f

Dashing a-against its rock-y wall, Just as it ran in days of yore, When we were shouting to its roar. to its roar.

f

Here is the shade of childhood's grove, Hopes hover round and hearts are free, And we will ev-er hap-py be, hap-py be.

Allegretto.

1. GENT. Oh! I should like to mar - ry, If that I could find A - ny pret - ty la - dy Suit - ed to my
1. LADY. Oh! I should like to mar - ry, If that I could find A - ny hand - some fel - low, Suit - ed to my

2. GENT. Oh! I should like her hair To clus - ter like the vine, I should like her eyes To look like sparkling
2. LADY. Oh! I should like his hair As Truffi's wigs di - vine, The sort of thing each fair Would en - vy being

3. GENT. Oh! let her feet be near - ly Like to the Chi - nese, Who lit - tle feet to make, In wooden shoes do
3. LADY. His Cab, too, he must drive With a tiny tiger dear; And a Phaeton and a Brougham, And then thousand pounds a

4. GENT. Oh! now my fair young la - dies, Do not be un - kind, For it would be a fa - vor Such a one to
4. LADY. I'm sure he'll nev - er grumble, But live a life of ease, That is on one con - di - tion, I'm to do what'er I

Fine.

D. C.

mind, Oh! I should like her wit - ty, Oh! I should like her good, With a lit - tle mon - ey, Oh yes, in - deed I should.
mind, Oh! I should like him dash - ing, Oh! I should like him gay, The lead - er of the fash - ion, And dan - dy of the day.

wine, And let her brows resemble Sweet Di - a - na's cres - cent, Let her voice to me Be al - ways soft and pleas - ant.
mine! He mustn't be too short— He mustn't be too bur - ly— But slim and tall, and straight, With moustache and whiskers cur - ly.

squeeze, Oh! let her form be upright, Both el - e - gant and free; With a gen - tle tem - per, Oh then we shall a - gree.
year! He mustn't wish to have All things just his own way; He must mope when I am grave And be gay when I am gay.

Fine. *D. C.*

find: And now I'll bid a - dieu And bless you all I say, And if you don't ob - ject We'll meet an - oth - er day.
please! Now isn't this good natur'd, And don't you all a - gree, This little ti - ny priv - i - lege Is not too much for me?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

1. From the field of glo-ry turning, With a soldier's fame I come, At your feet to lay my lau-rels, And to share with you my home, Dear Jean-

2. Why not sing, Jeannette, in glo-ry, I might soon re-turn a - gain? I shall weep, because in glo-ry, You might soon perhaps be slain, But what

pp

nette the day we parted, How the tears from both did pour, Now we gladly sing together, Vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Vive la guerre, vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Ah! Jean-

hon-or waits the he-ro Who survives the battle's fray, Now let's gladly sing together, Vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Vive la guerre, vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Ah! Jean-

ff

not the danger's o - ver, All the fears we had are fled, And we now can laugh while meeting, At the parting, tears we shed: But sup-pose, now, that, to-

nette, the danger's o ver, All the fears we had are fled, And we now can laugh while meeting, At the parting, tears we shed; But sup-pose, now that, to-

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

mor-row, They should beat the drum for war, Should we laugh and sing to - geth - er, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour?

mor-row, They should beat the drum for war, Should we laugh and sing to - geth - er, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour?

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the same vocal staves and piano accompaniment as the first system. The lyrics are repeated for the second vocal part. The system concludes with a double bar line.

p *pp* *f* *p* *f*

1. In this old chair my fa-ther sat, In this my mo-ther smil'd, I hear their blessings on me wait, And feel my - self a child; I feel the

p *pp* *f* *p* *f*

2. And here, a - las! when they were gone in beauty's own ar-ray, A pitying an-gel on me shone, To chase each grief a-way; But Oh! it

p *f* *p*

kiss of their fond love, Oh, joy! Oh, joy! too bright to last; Ah! why will cru-el time re-move, Or mem'-ry paint the past? Or mem'-ry paint the past?

p *f* *p*

was de-lu-sive love, A-las! too pure, too sweet to last; And if such dream time must remove, Why mem'-ry paint the past, Why mem'-ry paint the past.

p *f* *p*

Allegretto.

1. Oh where have you been Billy boy, Billy boy, Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a

2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a

3. Did she set for you a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has ringlets in her hair, She's a

4. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy, Can she make a cherry pie charming Billy? She can make a cherry pie Quick as a cat can wink her eye; She's a

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

5

Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Is she often seen at church charming Billy?
Yes she's often seen at church
With a bonnet white as birch;
She's a young thing, &c.

6

How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How tall is she charming Billy?
She's as tall as any pine,
And as straight as a pumpkin vine,
She's a young thing, &c.

7

Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?
Yes her eyes are very bright,
But alas, they're minus sight,
She's a young thing, &c.

8

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
She's three times six, four times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven,
She's a young thing, &c.

p

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan; A la - ment o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone; I was

p

2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be - guiled, In the fair dreamlight, my home up - on me smil'd; O how

Cres. *f* *p* *Rall.* *pp*

young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I

a little slow.

sweet 'mid the dew; Ev' - ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a gen - tle wel - come back to the worn and weary child. I a -

f *p* *pp*

a little slow. *p* *Rall.* *pp*

f *Animato. Tempo.* *ff* *p* *Slow.*

pine like a slave, By the sad sea waves. Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone. Come again bright days, Come again, come a - gain.

wake in my grave by the sad sea waves. Come again, dear dream, so peace-fully that smil'd. Come again dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

The musical score for 'By the Sad Sea Waves' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and features various dynamics and tempo markings.

NEAR THE LAKE WHERE DROOPED THE WILLOW.

Larghetto.

Near the Lake where drooped the wil - low, Long time a - go! Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright-er than snow!
Dwelt a maid, be-loved and cher-ished, By high and low; But with au-tumn's leaf she per-ished, Long time a - go!

Rock, and tree, and flow - ing wa - ter, Long time a - go! Bud, and bee, and blos-som taught her Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she lis-tened, Mur-mur - ing low, Ten - der - ly her blue-eyes glis-tened, Long time a - go!

Ming-led were our hearts for - ev - er, Long time a - go! Can I now for - get her? nev-er! No, lost one, no!

To her grave these tears were giv - en, Ev - er to flow! She's the star I missed from hea-ven, Long time a - go!

The musical score for 'Near the Lake Where Drooped the Willow' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and features a 'Larghetto' tempo marking.

p Moderately.

1. Seek not to know the fu - ture, Be hap - py while you may, Nor cloud with dark fore-knowl - edge The sun - shine of to -

2. I will not cheat you, Maid - en, My Gip - sy skill you seek, This on - ly of the fu - ture The Gip - sy girl can

p

day; I see that you are hope - ful, I read it in your eyes, And I can learn no more from The

mf *f* *p* *f*

speak; When flip - pant world - lings flat - ter, Let then your doubts be - gin, Take, mai - den, for your coun - sel The

mf *f* *p* *f*

stars that gem the skies; Trust not the out-ward seem-ing Of all who speak you fair; What has been, maiden, may be; Be watch-ful and be-

"stid small voice with-in;" If weak the heart of wo-man, Her stronghold too, is there; Guard then the fortress, Conscience! Be watch-ful and be-

ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, be watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, be watch-ful and be-ware!

Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains two staves of music with lyrics. The second system also contains two staves of music with lyrics. The third system contains four staves of music, with the first two staves having lyrics and the last two staves being instrumental. The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "stars that gem the skies; Trust not the out-ward seem-ing Of all who speak you fair; What has been, maiden, may be; Be watch-ful and be-" and "stid small voice with-in;" If weak the heart of wo-man, Her stronghold too, is there; Guard then the fortress, Conscience! Be watch-ful and be-". The final line of the score is a repeated phrase: "ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!".

1. My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay, And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day. The

2. For - give my rough mood, unac-cus - tomed to sue, I woo not per-haps as your land lov - ers woo, My

moons in her shroud, but to guide thee a - far, On the deck of the dar - ing's a love - light - ed star. Then

voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun, That star - tle the deep, when the com-bat's be - gun; And

wake la - dy, wake, I am waiting for thee, And this night or nev-er my bride thou shalt be. Then wake la - - dy, wake, I am

hea - vy and hard is the grasp of that hand Whose glove has been ev-er the guard of the band. But think not of these and this

wait - ing for thee, And this night or never my bride thou shalt be.

mo - ment be mine, And the plume of the proudest shall low-er to thine.

One hundred shall serve, the best of the brave,
And the Chief of a thousand shall kneel to thy slave,
And thou shalt reign Queen, and thine empire shall last,
Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast.
Oh, islands there are on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade and the skies never weep,
And there, if thou wilt, our love bowers shall be,
When we leave for the green-wood, our home on the sea.

And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were done,
When we loosed the last blast, and the last battle won,
Ah! haste love, haste, for the fair breezes blow,
And my ocean bird poises her pinions of snow.
Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine,
They are meet for such feet and fingers as thine,
The signal, my mates, ho! hurrah! for the sea,
This night, and forever, my bride thou shalt be.

Moderato.

1. Ye sons of Freedom wake to glo-ry, Hark! hark, what miriads bid you rise; Your children, wives and grandsires ho-ry, Behold their

2. Oh, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants' bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy

tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants mis - chief breed - ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian

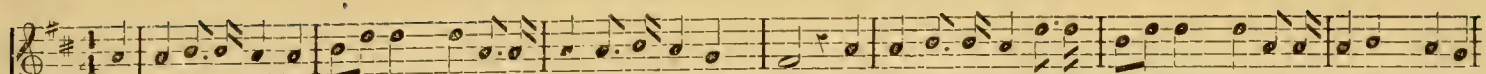
no-ble spir - it tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame, Too long our country wept, be - wail - ing The blood-stain'd sword our conq'rors

band Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The

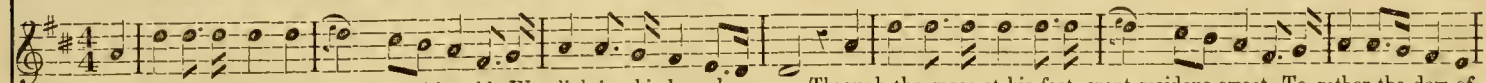
wild, But freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The

pa - triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death, March on, March on, all hearts resolved on lib - er - ty or death.

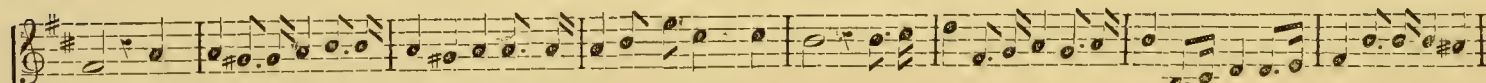
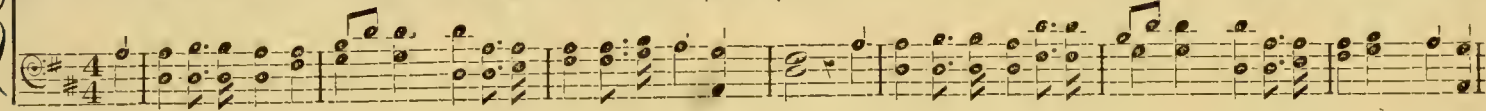
THE BRAVE OLD OAK.



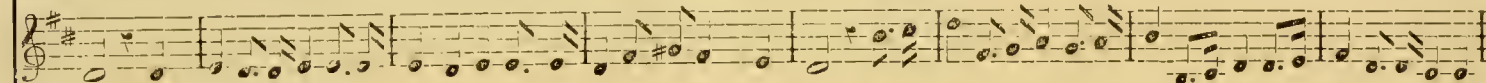
1. A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath rul'd in the greenwood long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fifty arms so



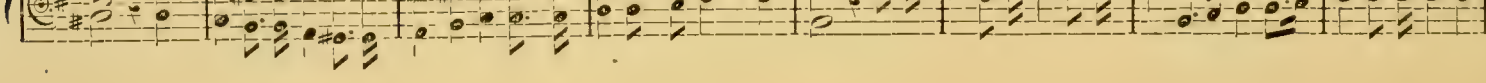
2. In the days of old, when the spring with gold, Was lighting his branches grey, Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet, To gather the dew of



strong! There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he showeth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches



May. And all that day to the rebeck gay, They frolicked with love - some swains, They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the tree he still re-



shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride alone, And still flourish he, a hale green tree: When a hundred years are gone.

mains. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride alone, And still flourish he, a hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

SWEET MEMORIES OF THEE.*

Slow and Plaintive. Calando.

1. When soft stars are peeping Thro' the pure azure sky, And southern gales sweeping Their warm breathings by, Like sweet music pealing Far o'er the blue sea, There came o'er me stealing Sweet mem'ries of thee.

2. The bright rose, when faded, Flings forth o'er its tomb Its velvet leaves, laded With silent perfume; Thus round me will hover, In grief or in glee, Till life's dream be over, Sweet mem'ries of thee.

3. As a sweet lute, that lingers In silence alone, Unswept by light fingers, Scarce murmurs a tone; My young heart resembled That lute light and free, Till o'er its chords trembled Those mem'ries of thee.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major, 3/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The tempo markings 'Slow and Plaintive.' and 'Calando.' are placed at the beginning and end of the first system respectively.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in

2. Im-mor-tal Patriots! rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with

free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let In-de-pendence be your boast, Ev-er mindful

im-pious hand In-vade the shrine, where sa-cred lies Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While offering peace sincere and just In heaven we place a

what it cost. Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And eve - ry scheme of bondage fail. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

3

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause! (Twice.)
 Let every clime, to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear;
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
 The happier time of honest peace. Firm, united, &c.

4

Behold the chief, who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands,
 The rock on which the storm will beat! (Twice.)
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or Liberty. Firm, united, &c.

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN.

Duet.

Duet.

1. When night comes o'er the plain, And moonlight o'er the sea, Oh! meet me once a - gain, Where oft I've welcomed thee. When first the glow-worm's

2. At eve-ning's qui-et hour, O leave thy mountain home, And seek the peace-ful bow'r, To which we used to roam. I'll sing the old-en

ray, Il-lumes the ver-dant lea, I'll leave my lone-ly way, And wan-der forth with thee. How dear is eve-ry spot, Where

songs The long neg-lect-ed lays, Whose brightest theme be-longs, To youth's de-part-ed days. How dear is eve-ry spot, Where

CHORUS.

The mountain and the cot, The streamlet and the glade. The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing
oft in youth we stray'd; The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing

rill; Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing rill;
rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, A - bove the flow - ing rill; Up - on whose banks we

The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill ; Up-on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

The songs that haunt me still ;

sung, The songs that haunt me still ; The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

This musical score is for the song 'When Night Comes O'er the Plain'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill ; Up-on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still. The songs that haunt me still ; sung, The songs that haunt me still ; The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.' The score includes a piano accompaniment with a flowing arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

HEARTS AND HOMES.

J. BLOCKLEY.

1. Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as ye fall ; Making each the oth-er's treasure, Once di vid - ed los - ing all, Homes ye

2. Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see, Fit-ting shrines for pur-est feel-ing, Temples meet to bend the knee, In-fant

This musical score is for the song 'Hearts and Homes' by J. Blockley. It is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The score is divided into two parts. Part 1 lyrics: '1. Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as ye fall ; Making each the oth-er's treasure, Once di vid - ed los - ing all, Homes ye'. Part 2 lyrics: '2. Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see, Fit-ting shrines for pur-est feel-ing, Temples meet to bend the knee, In-fant'. The score includes a piano accompaniment with a steady bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *Cres.* (crescendo), and *f* (forte).

may be high or low-ly, Hearts a-lone can make you ho-ly, Be the dwell-ing e'er so small; Having love it boasteth all. Hearts and Homes sweet words of

hands bright garlands wreathing, Happy voi-ces incense breathing, Emblems fair of realms above, 'For love is heav'n, and heav'n is all' Hearts and Homes, sweet words of

pleasure, Mu-sic breathing as ye fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di-vid-ed, los-ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

pleasure, Mu-sic breathing as ye fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di-vid-ed, los-ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

pleasure, Mu-sic breathing as ye fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di-vid-ed, los-ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

Moderato.

1. I'll not be-guile thee from thy home, For me thou shalt not friends re - sign ; Or exil'd from thy kindred roam, In oth - er climes to grieve and

2. Tho' losing thee I bid farewell, To ev' - ry hope and ev' - ry joy; Think not I wish thee here to dwell If 'twould thy hap - pi - ness des -

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The piano part consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

pine, no, no, no, no ; I'll not beguile thee from thy home, For me thou shalt not friends resign ; Or exil'd from thy kindred roam, In oth - er climes to grieve and

troy, no, no, no, no ; Tho' losing thee, I bid farewell, To ev' - ry hope and ev'ry joy; Think not I'd wish thee here to dwell If 'twould thy hap - pi - ness des -

The second system continues the musical score. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

pine. In oth - er climes to grieve and pine. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I'll not beguile thee from thy

troy, If 'twould thy hap-pi-ness des-troy. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I would not wish thee here to

The first system of the musical score for 'I'll Not Beguile Thee'. It consists of five staves. The top four staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'pine. In oth - er climes to grieve and pine. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I'll not beguile thee from thy troy, If 'twould thy hap-pi-ness des-troy. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I would not wish thee here to'.

home; no, no, no; Too dearly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dearly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dearly do I love thee!

dwel ; no, no, no; Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee!

The second system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top four staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'home; no, no, no; Too dearly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dearly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dearly do I love thee! dwel ; no, no, no; Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee!'.

1 Young Agnes, beauteous flow - er! Sweet as bloom - ing May! One eve - ning from her tow'r Thus poured her ten - der

Cres. *p* *Cres.*

2. The si - lent hour in - vites thee, No star sheds its ray . . . No dan - ger, love, affrights thee, Where - fore then dost thou

lay : The night now bath spread its shade, And 'twill hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith - ful maid;

Cres. *m* *Cres.*

stay? When sun - beams il lume the sky, Guar - dians then may ap - pal, But now closed is eve - ry eye,

Cres. *m* *Cres.*

lay : The night now bath spread its shade, And 'twill hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith - ful maid;

Cres. *m* *Cres.*

Dark-ness veils bower and hall; Oh! haste be-neath her tow-er, Dost thou not hear love's call.....

Let thy steps gent-ly fall! The si-lent hour in-vites thee, Dost thou not hear love's call.....

Dost thou not hear love's call..... Dost thou not hear love's call.

Dost thou not hear love's call..... Dost thou not hear love's call.

p *Cres.* *Dim.* *p* *Cres.* *Molto.*

AH! FOR WINGS! OR PRIMA DONNA SONG.

p

Fine.

1. Ah! for wings to soar O'er the dark blue sea, Speed-ing from this ex - ile shore, To live and die with thee.

2. Ah! for one sweet word, Whisper'd in mine ear, Stir - ring, as it oft hath stirr'd, My heart with mem'ries dear.

3. Ah! for one sweet smile, Full of love's sweet art, Strong to cheer and charmed to wile, Each sor - row from the heart.

p

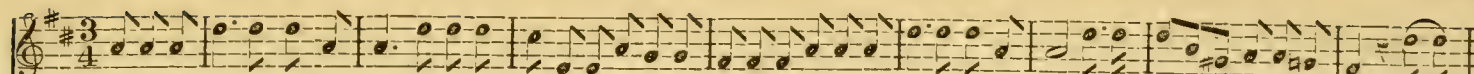
The years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone out its light a - cross our way, And eve - ry hill and vale a - far Was gladdened with its ray.

The years roll on, and hope once strong Grows faint and wea - ry with de - lay. Ah, me! how earn - est - ly I long To thee to fly a - way!

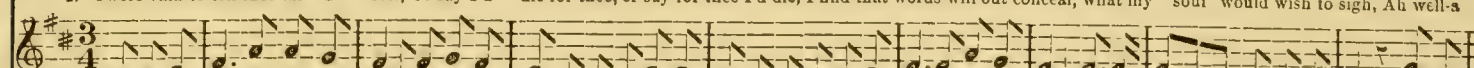
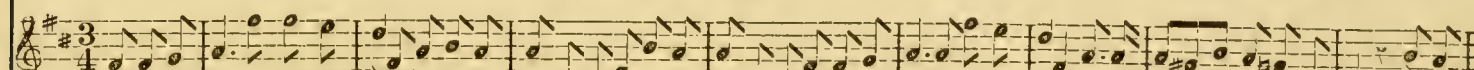
No stranger's words can com - fort bring, No stranger's smile give joy to me; Oh! for some sea-bird's buoyant wing To bear me home to thee!

D. C.

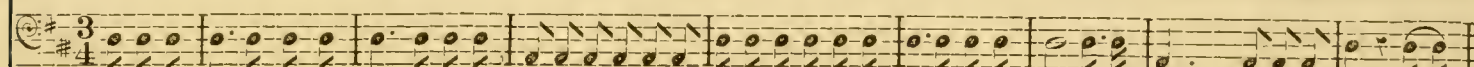
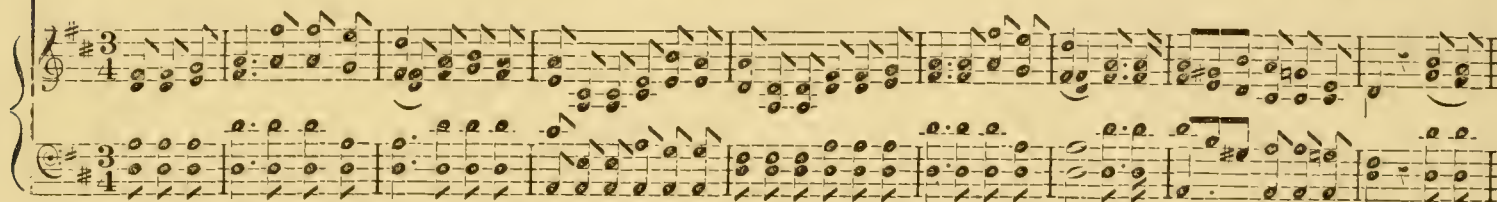
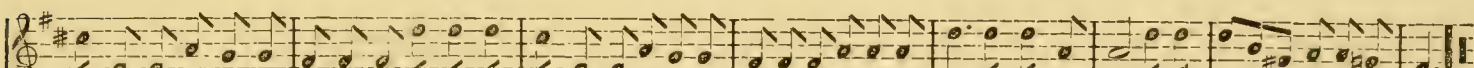
D. C.



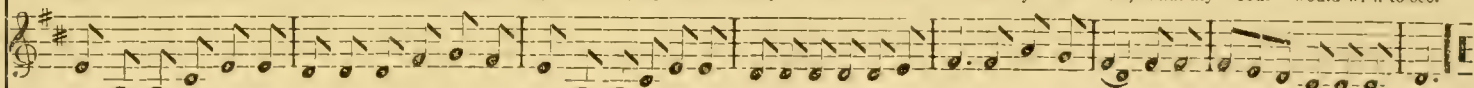
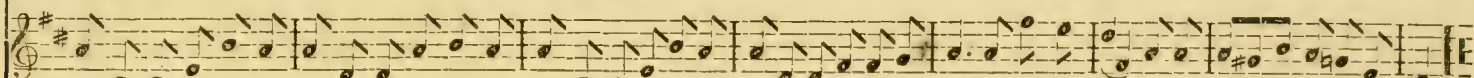
1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel, Or say I'd die for thee, or say for thee I'd die, I find that words will but conceal, what my soul would wish to sigh, Ah well-a

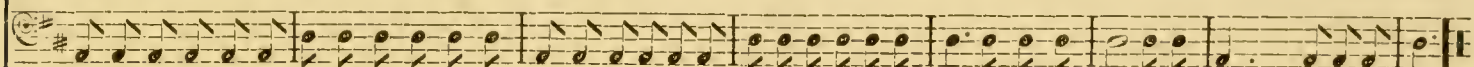
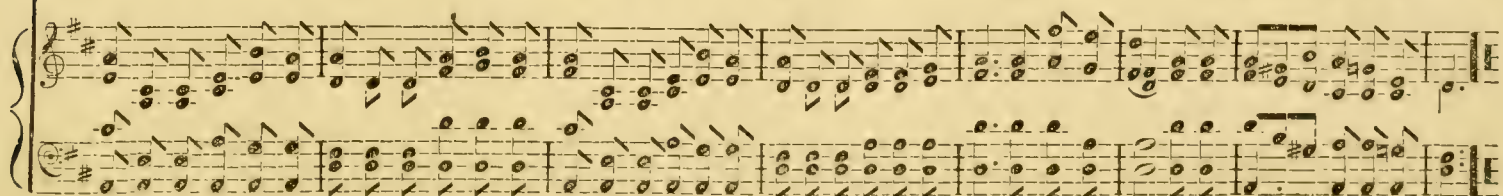
2. Thou'st often called my voice a birds, Whose music like a spell, whose music like a spell, Could change to rapture e'en the words of our slow and sad farewell, But ah well a

day, the sweetest mel-o-dy, Could never, never say one half, my love for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal, What my soul would wish to see.

day, the sweetest mel-o-dy, Could never, never say one half, my love for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal, What my soul would wish to see.

BONNIE MARY GRAY.

A. LEE.

Moderately. p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

1. As I went forth to view the plain, Up-on a morning ear-ly, With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain, When flow'rs grew fresh and

2. Oh, would I were a shep-herd swain, To feed my flocks be-side thee, And gang with thee a-long the plain, At ma-tin to a-

p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

fair-ly, A ve-ry pret-ty maid I spied, Who smil'd so blithe and gay. I ask'd her name, kind sir, she said, My name is Ma-ry

bide thee, Such na-tive sweetness she display'd, Like flow-ers of the May, Di-a-na's self was ne'er array'd, Like my sweet Ma-ry

Cres. *f* *mp* *Cres.* *f* *mp* *Cres.* *f* *mp*

pp Dolce. *Ad Lib.*

Gray. Oh, bon-nie, bon-nie Ma-ry Gray; More rich and hap-py I could be, Than he who does his thousands see, With bonnie Ma-ry Gray.

Gray. Oh, bon - nie, bon-nie Ma-ry Gray: More rich and hap-py I could be, Than he who does his thousands see, With bon-nie Ma - ry Gray.

GIVE ME A COT.

1. Give me a cot in the val-ley I love, A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove; I care not how humble, for hap-py 'twill be, If

2. Lov'st thou to lis-ten to mu-sic's sweet voice? O come to the woods where the bird's song rejoice, Or would'st thou be free? to the for-est re-pair, The

GIVE ME A COT. CONCLUDED.

Fine.

one faith-ful heart will but share it with me. Our hearts shall be nature's own beau-ti-ful bow'rs, Our gems shall be nature's own beau-ti-ful flow'rs, These stag in his freedom bounds merri-ly there. When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours, Have ri-fled the greenwood and blighted the flow'rs, Tho'

wood by the sunshine, and kissed by the gale, The proudest might en-vy our home in the dale, The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale, Then ice-bound the brook, and snow-covered the dale, The proudest might en-vy our home in the dale, The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale, Then

Ritard. D. C.

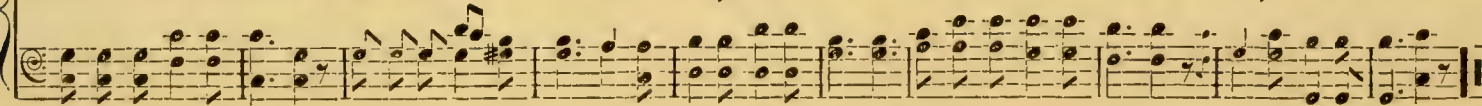
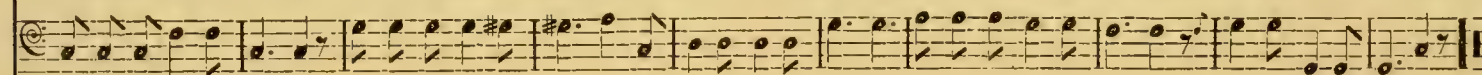
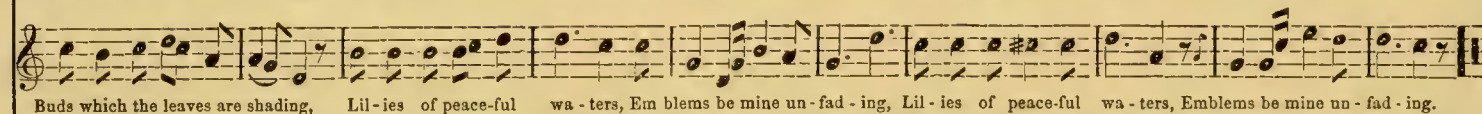
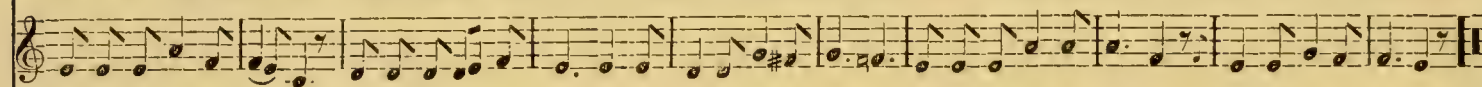
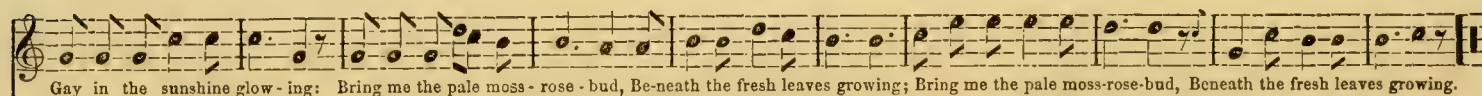
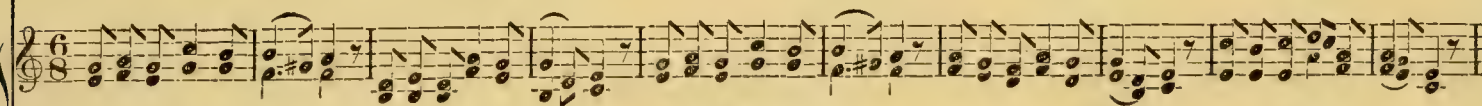
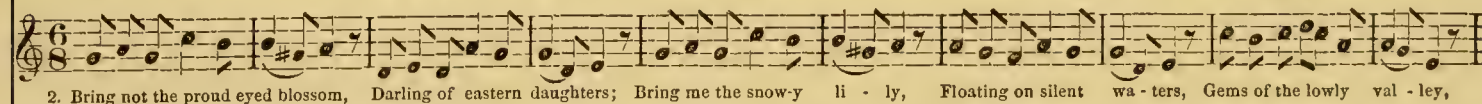
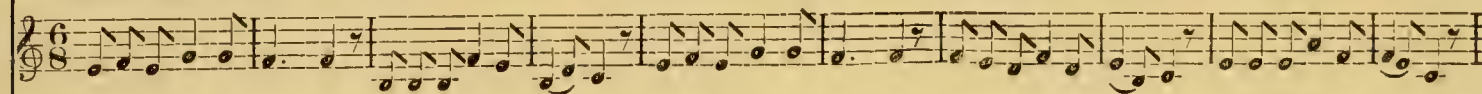
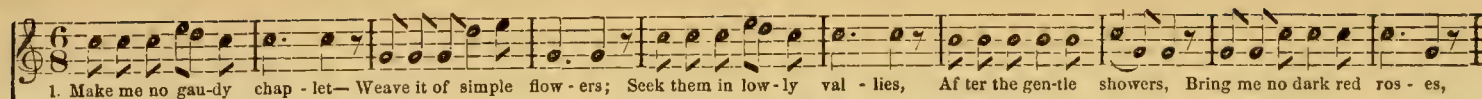
1. I've gaz'd on beau-ty's brow, Wher - ev - er man might rove, To turn a - way and sigh, And think of her I love, For, 'mid earth's daughters

2. I've watch'd each rising star, Thro' yon pale a-zure sky, To trace that face in heaven, Which earth could not reveal, But Oh! there is no

none, Tho' ex - quis - ite they seem, Can vie with her, So beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, But still a - las! a dream! a dream!

form Of earth or heaven can beam, Like her dear im - age, beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, But still a - las! a dream! a dream!

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET.



Moderately.

1. I have told thee how sweet the roses are, In my home beyond the sea: Where the dark eyed maid with her sweet guitar, Sits un-der the orange
 2. I have heard thee tell of a sky more blue, And a sun more warm than this, And I've sometimes thought if thy tale be true, To dwell in that clime were

3. I will sing to thee, if with me thou'lt rove, The songs of the olden time; Thou wilt never compare with my ar-dent love, The love of this cold-er
 4. A - las! 'tis plain that my mountain home Must ev-er be scorn'd by thee; And may I not fear that a time will come, When thou wilt have scorn for

f tree; Then fly, Oh, fly from this Isle of storm. Where all that is fair must pine, To a sky more blue and a sun more warm. Henceforth let my home be thine.
p bliss; But Oh, when I gaze on my tran-quil cot, Where the clematis boughs entwine, The land of the stranger tempts me not; No, ne'er can my home be thine.

clime! Thou wilt scorn the fruits of thy mountain home, Be-hold-ing the pur-ple vine: Then come to the land of my birth, Oh, come, Henceforth let my home be thine.
f me! And Oh, there is one who loves me here, Whose voice if less sweet than thine, To my sim-ple taste is far more dear; No, ne'er can thy home be mine.
p

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

1. I have wandered on through many a clime, Where flowers of beauty grew, Where all was bliss-ful to the heart, And love-ly to the view;

2. I have wandered on through many a clime, And gazed on pal - ace walls : Yet nev-er wished that step of mine, Should tread those state-ly balls ;

I have seen them in their twilight pride, And in the dress of morn, But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born,

For, midst the pomp that cir-cled me, I still should be for - lorn, Give me, give me the low - li - est cot, The spot where I was born,

But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born, But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born.

Give me, give me the lowliest cot, The spot where I was born, Give me, give me the lowliest cot, The spot where I was born.

The musical score is for a song in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes triplets and a final cadence. The lyrics are: "But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born, But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born. Give me, give me the lowliest cot, The spot where I was born, Give me, give me the lowliest cot, The spot where I was born."

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

1. They wiled me from my greenwood home, They won me from the tent, And slightly they spake of scenes, Where my young days were spent, They dazzled me with halls of light, But

2. They gave me gems to bind my hair, I longed the while for flowers, Fresh gathered by my Gipsy freres, From nature's wildest bowers, They gave me books, I loved alone to

The musical score is for a song in D major, 3/4 time. It features a vocal melody with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a variety of chords and a final cadence. The lyrics are: "1. They wiled me from my greenwood home, They won me from the tent, And slightly they spake of scenes, Where my young days were spent, They dazzled me with halls of light, But 2. They gave me gems to bind my hair, I longed the while for flowers, Fresh gathered by my Gipsy freres, From nature's wildest bowers, They gave me books, I loved alone to"

tears would sometimes start; They tho't 'twas but to charm the eye, And they might win the heart; They little knew what ties of love had bound me in their spell; The greenwood was my

read the star-ry skies, They taught me songs, the songs I loved were nature's mel-o-dies; I never heard a captive bird, but panting to be free, I longed to burst the

The musical score for the first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a melody with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

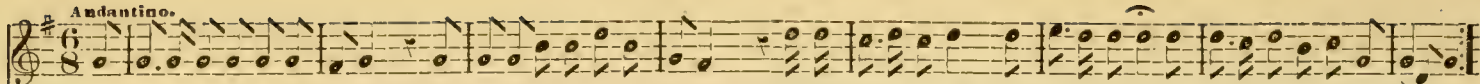
happiest home, And there I longed to dwell, The greenwood was my happiest home, And there I longed to dwell, The greenwood was my happiest home, and there I longed to dwell.

prison-door, And set the cap-tive free, I longed to burst the prison-door, And set the captive free, I longed to burst the prison-door, And share his lib-er - ty.

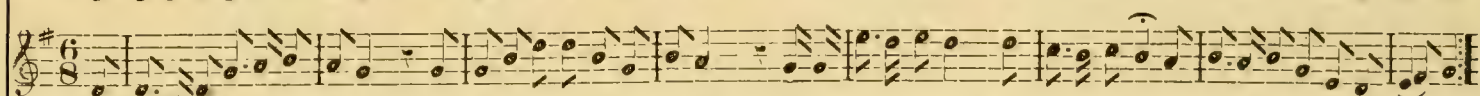
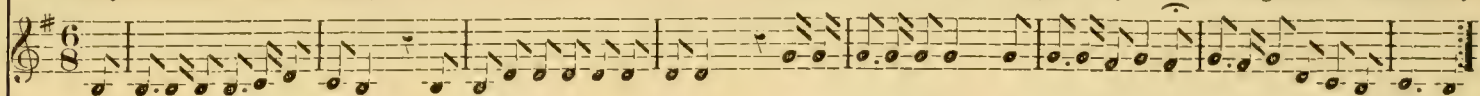
The musical score for the second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment also ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The key signature changes to E major for the final section of the score.

3 'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts
 Were there who bade me roam
 From nature and her forests free
 To share their city home—
 The woods are green, the hedges white
 With leaves and blossoms fair;
 There's music in the forest now,
 And I too must be there—

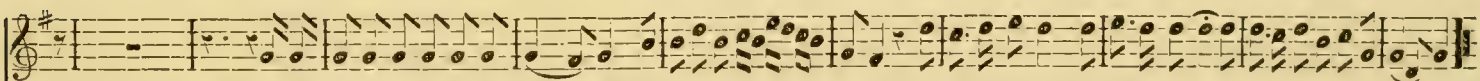
O do not chide the Gipsy girl,
 O call me not unkind;
 I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
 As her I leave behind—
 Yet I must to the greenwood go.
 My heart has long been there,
 And nothing but the greenwood now
 Can save me from despair.

Andantino.

1. Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney, She lives on the banks of Killarney, From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly, For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.



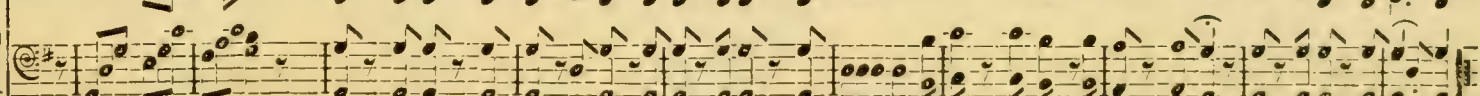
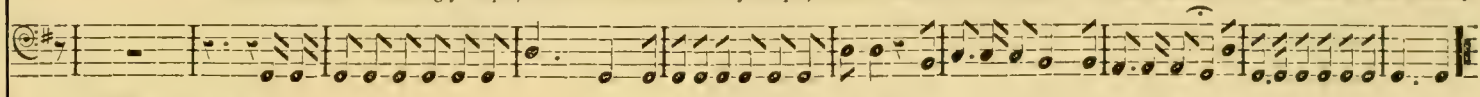
2. Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney, Who lives on the banks of Killarney, Beware of her smile, for many a wile Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

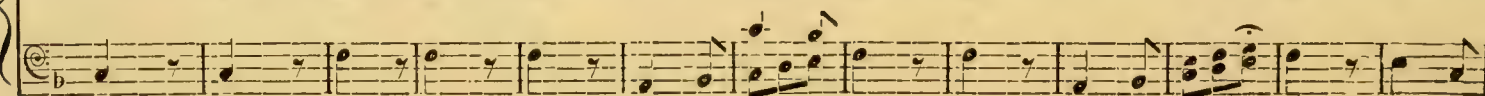
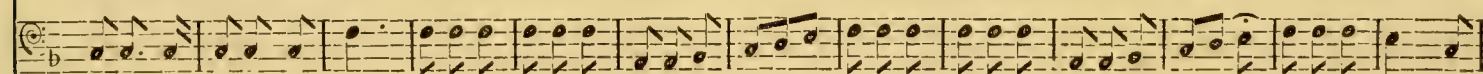
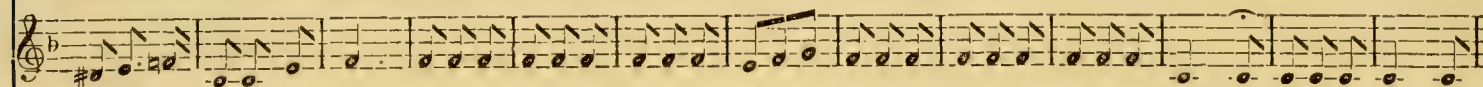
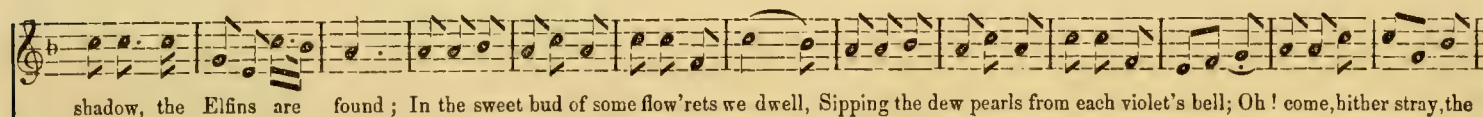
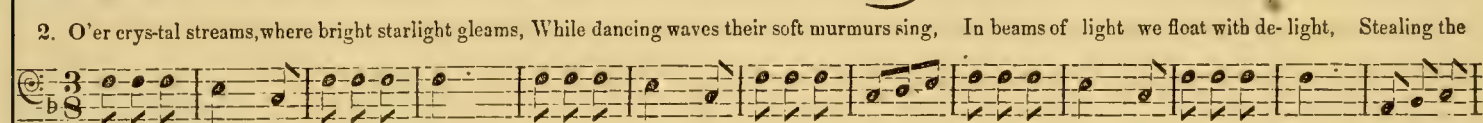
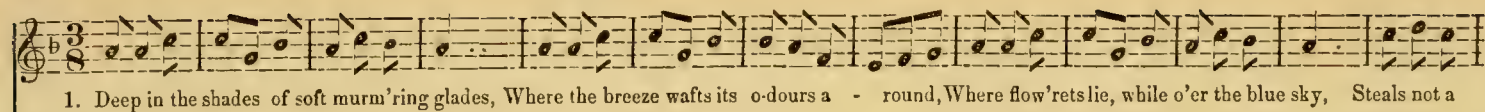


For that eye is so modestly beaming, You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming, Yet Oh! I can tell how fatal's the spell, That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.



Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple, Yet there's mischief in every dimple, And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale, Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.





Elfins now play, Morn brings its sunshine, the Elfs glide a - way. Oh! come, come hith-er stray; Oh! come, come hith - er stray.

Elfins now play, Morn brings its sunshine, the Elfs glide a - way. Oh! come, come hith-er stray; Oh! come, come hith - er stray.

KITTY CLYDE.*

L. V. H. CROSBY.

Andantino.

1. O who has not seen Kitty Clyde, She lives at the foot of the hill, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, That carries her father's old mill, O

2. With a basket to put in her fish, Every morning with line and a hook, This sweet little lass, Through the tall heavy grass, Steals along by the clear running brook, She

3. How I wish that I was a bee, I'd not gather honey from flowers, But would steal a dear sip From Kitty's sweet lip, And make my own hive in her bowers. Or,

* By permission of Russell & Richardson, proprietors of the copyright.

who does not love Kitty Clyde, That sunny ey'd ro-sy cheek'd lass, With a sweet dimpl'd chin that looks roguish as sin, With always a smile as you pass Sweet

throws her line into the stream, And trips it a-long the brook side, O how I do wish That I was a fish, To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde. Sweet

if I was some little bird, I would not build nests in the air, But keep close by the side Of sweet Kitty Clyde, And sleep in her soft silken hair. Sweet

Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clide.

Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clide.

Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clide.

ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

NELSON.

167

Con Espresione.

1. The morn was fair, the sky was clear, No breath came o'er the sea,
2. Where'er I wandered east or west, Tho' fate be-gan to lower,
3. And when my fevered lips were parch'd, On Afric's burning sand;

When Ma-ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me. Tho'
A sol-ace still was she to me, In sorrow's lone-ly hour; When
She whispered hopes of hap-pi-ness, And tales of dis-tant land: My

flowers deck'd the mountain side, And fragrance filled the vale,
tem-pests lash'd our gal-lant bark, And rent her shivering sail,
life had been a wil-der-ness, Un-blest by for-tune's gale;

By far the sweetest flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale.
One maiden form with-stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al-lan-dale.
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The rose of Al-lan-dale.

Was the
'Twas the
The

rose of Al-lan-dael, The rose of Al-lan-dale, By far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale.
rose of Al-lan-dale, The rose of Al-lan-dale, By far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale.
rose of Al-lan-dale, &c.

"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT, ALONE."

1. Meet me by moonlight, a - lone. And then I will tell you a tale, a tale, Must be told by the

2. Day-light may do for the gay. The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, the free, But there's some - thing a -

moonlight a - lone. In the grove, at the end of the vale. You must promise to come, for I said

bout the moon's rays. That is sweet - er to you and to me. Oh, re-mem-ber, be sure to be there,

I would show the night flowers their queen Nay, turn not a - way thy sweet head, 'Tis the love - li - est

For though dearly a moonlight I prize....., I care not for all in the air..... If I want the sweet

This musical system consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings.

ev - er was seen..... Oh, meet me by moonlight, a - lone.... Meet me by moon-light, a - lone

light of your eyes..... So meet me by moonlight, a - lone.... Meet me by moonlight, a - lone

This musical system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same notation elements: treble clef, key signature of one sharp, and a mix of note values. The lyrics are integrated with the musical notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE HEART THAT KNOWS NO SORROW.

GUNG'L.

p *Slow.* *f*

1. The heart that knows no sor-row, That is ev-er light and gay, That cares not for the mor-row, If there's hap-pi-ness to-

2. The heart whose depths are meas-ured By each i-dle pass-er-by, That hath no beau-ties treasured, That meet not eve-ry

3. The heart that trusts me on-ly When no doubt of me is heard, But leav'st me sad and lone-ly, At sus-pi-cion's light-est

p *f*

f *p* *f*

day; That throbs not with e-mo-tion, Yet bounds with child-like glee, That swells not with de-vo-tion, Is not the heart for me.

eye; The heart whose faith a-bid-eth When it can no tri-al see, But from the darkness hid-eth, Is not the heart for me.

f *p* *f*

word; Whose love is not sin-cer-est, When all oth-ers from me flee, That draws not then the near-est— Is not the heart for me.

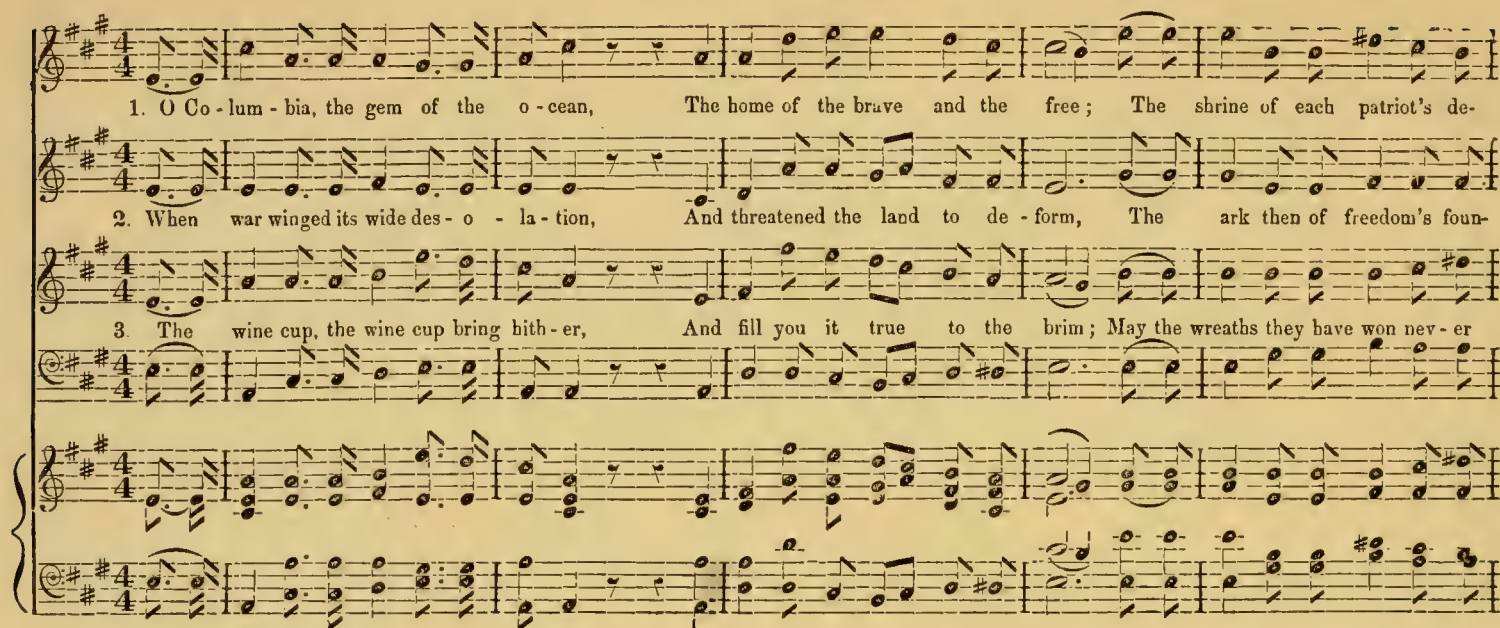
f *p* *f*

1. A rose gazed from her bower green Up - on the summer light, And never had cre - a - tion seen A flow'r so fair and bright, a flow'r so fair and

2. But soon a storm dark o'er the vale, Its mountain fu-ry shed, And shrouded in the twilight pale, The lonely rose lay dead, the lonely rose lay

bright Her modest form so soft, so meek, with morning radiance dy'd, Beam'd like the lovely blushing cheek, of some young village bride, The blushing cheek of some young bride.

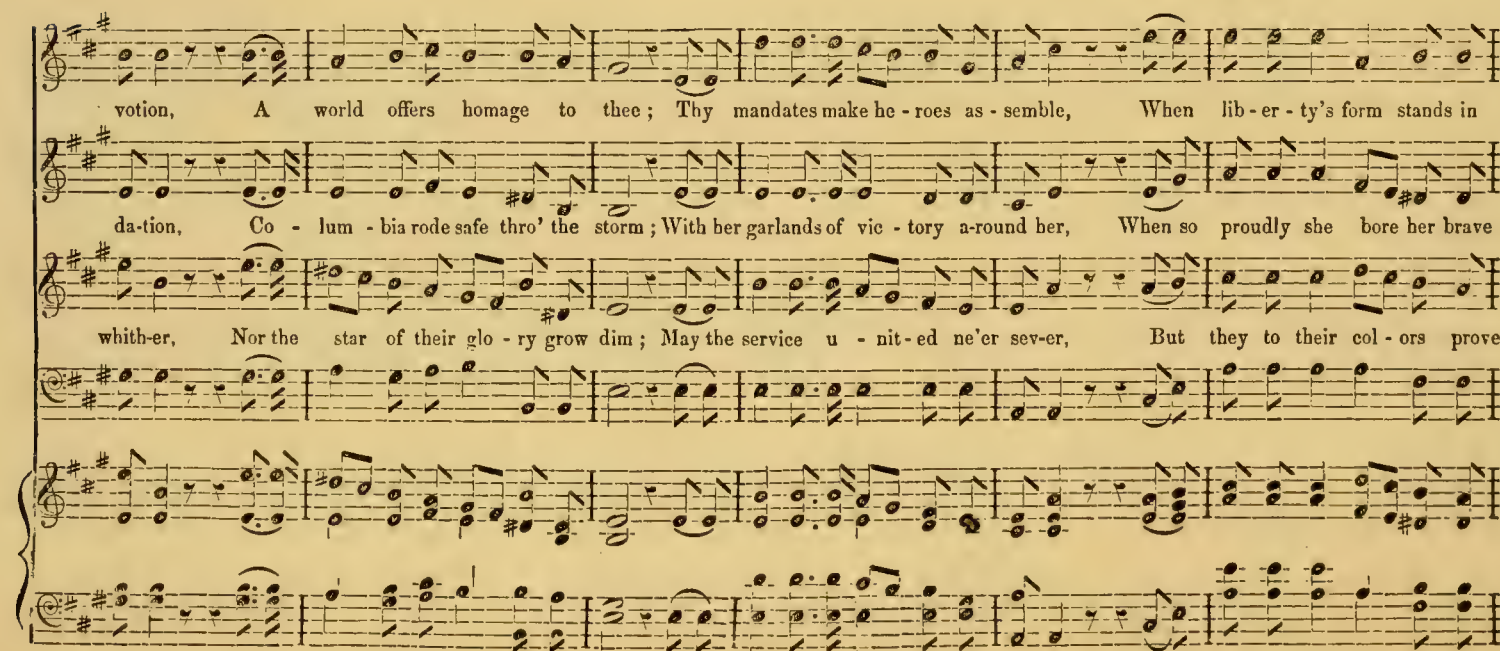
dead. And so it is a gentle mind sinks under scrow's dart, The storm may pass, but leaves behind too oft a blighted heart, too oft, too oft a blighted heart.



1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free; The shrine of each patriot's de-

2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The ark then of freedom's foun-

3. The wine cup, the wine cup bring hith-er, And fill you it true to the brim; May the wreaths they have won nev-er



vation, A world offers homage to thee; Thy mandates make he-roes as-semble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in

da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vic-tory a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave

whith-er, Nor the star of their glo-ry grow dim; May the service u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove

view, Thy Banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, When

crew, With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The

true, The Na - vy and Ar - my for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top three staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass), and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

borne by the red, white and blue, Thy Banners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.

cheers for the red, white and blue, The Na - vy and Ar - my for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, and the system concludes with a double bar line.

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

f **Cheerfully.** *> p* *f* *> p* *f*

1. Hark! 'tis the Marriage-Bell I hear; How sweet its merry sound! Lo! now the hour of bliss is near! Our hopes will soon be crown'd. Then to the altar let us haste,

f *> p* *f* *> p* *f*

2. Hark! now resounds the final toll, No longer now delay; How sweetly thrills the raptur'd soul! Trembling, we yet obey. Yet in confusion linger still,

f *> p* *f* *> p* *f*

While rings the summons thro' the sky; There's not a moment now to waste, While love is flutt'ring by; No! while love is flutt'ring by, No! while love is flutt'ring by.

f

In view of our enchanting prize; But now we hasten to fulfil Sweet hopes of by-gone years; Yes! sweet hopes of by-gone years, Yes! sweet hopes of by-gone years.

p Tempo. Giusto.

1. Dear Kate, I do not swear or rave, Or sigh sweet things, as many can; But though my lips ne'er play'd the slave, My heart will not disgrace the man.

2. I do not promise that our life Shall know no shade on heart or brow; For human lot and mortal strife Would mock the falsehood of such vow:

3. We love each other, yet perchance The murmurs of dissent may rise; Fierce words may chase the tender glance, And angry flashes light our eyes:

4. You must not like me less, my Kate, For such an honest strain as this; I love thee dearly, but I hate, The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."

D. C. 1st verse each time.

I prize thee, ay, my bonnie Kate, So firmly fond this breast can be, That I could brook the stearest fate, If it but left me health and thee.

But when the clouds of pain and care Shall teach us we are not divine, My deepest sorrows thou shalt share, And I will strive to lighten thine.

But we must learn to check the frown, To reason rather than to blame; The wisest have their faults to own, And you and I, girl, have the same.

There's truth in all I've said or sung; I woo thee as a man should woo; And though I lack a honey'd tongue, Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

KITTY CLOVER.

Moderato. *Fine.*

1. Sweet Kitty Clover she bother'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh! Sweet Kitty Clover she bother'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh!

2. Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, oh! oh! oh! oh! She's three feet tall, and that I prize, oh! oh! oh! oh!

D. C.

Her face is round, and red, and fat, Like pulpit cushion, or redder than that, Oh!

3

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh, oh, oh.
One moonlight night, ah, me what bliss;
Through a hole in a window, I gave her a kiss,
Oh sweet Kitty Clover you bother me so, oh, oh, oh.

As just a fit wife for a man of my size; Oh sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh!

D. C. 4

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh, oh, oh.
I think I should never be wretched again,
If after the parson she'd say amen;
Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so, oh, oh, oh.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

177

Allegretto.

1. A place in thy mem-o-ry, dear-est, Is all that I claim; } An-oth-er may woo thee nearer, An-
To pause and look back when thou hear-est The sound of thy name. }

2. Re-mem-ber me not as a lov-er Whose hope has ben crossed, } As the young bride remembers the mother She
Whose bo-som can nev-er re-cov-er The light it hath lost. }

3. Could I be thy true lov-er, dear-est, Couldst thou smile on me, } But a cloud on my pathway is glooming, That
I would be the fond-est and near-est That ev-er loved thee; }

4. Re-mem-ber me then, oh re-mem-ber My calm, light love; } That life will, tho' lone-ly, be sweet, If its
Tho' bleak as the blast of No-vem-ber My life may prove; }

- oth-er may win and wear; I care not tho' he be dearer, So I am re-mem-ber-ed there.

loves, tho' she never may see; As a sis-ter re-mem-bers a brother, Oh, dear-est re-mem-ber me.

nev-er must burst up-on thine; And hea-ven, that made these all blooming, Ne'er made thee to with-er on mine.

bright-est en-joyment should be A smile and kind word when we meet, And a place in thy mem-o-ry.

KATY DARLING.

Andante.

1. Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Ka-ty Darl - ing, That thy smile I may never more be - hold, Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling, Or my love for thee hast e'er grown cold? Oh! they

2. I am kneeling by thy grave, Ka-ty Darl - ing, This world is all a blank world to me, Oh. could thou hear my wailing, Ka-ty Darl-ing, Or think, love, I'm sighing for thee; Oh! me -

3. 'Tis use - less all my weeping, Ka - ty Darl - ing, But I'll pray that thy spir - it be my guides, And that when my life is spent, Ka - ty Darling, They will lay me down to rest by thy side, Oh! a

knew not the loving Of the hearts of E-rin's sons; When a love like to thine, Ka-ty Darl - ing, Is the goal to the race that he runs. Oh! hear me, sweet Katy, For the

thinks the stars are weeping, By their soft and lambent light; And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling, Couldst thou see thy lone Dermot this night. Oh! listen, sweet Katy, For the

huge great grief I'm bearing, Though I scarce can heave a sigh, And I'll ev - er be dreaming, Katy Darl - ing Of thy love eve - ry day till I die. Oh! hear me, sweet Ka - ty, For the

wild flowers greet me, Katy Darl-ing, And the love-birds are singing on each tree; Will thou nevermore hear me, Ka-ty Darl-ing; Be-hold, love, I'm waiting for thee.

wild flow'rs are sleeping, Ka-ty Darl-ing, And the love-birds are nest'ling in each tree; Will thou nevermore hear me, Ka-ty Darl-ing; Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee.

wild flow'rs will blossom, Ka-ty Darl-ing, And the love-birds nestle on each tree; But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Darl-ing; For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me.

I LOVE THE MERRY SPRING.

Fine.

1. The Mer-ry Spring, The bright, bright Spring, What joys she shakes from her flow'ry wing! When the young bird sings from its leafy nest, How hap-py it sleeps on its lov'd one's breast;

2. At Mer-ry morn, or even-ing still How sweet to roam by the balmy hill, To cull a wreath of flow'rets rare, To cull a wreath of flow'rets rare, To twine 'mid the locks of a maiden's hair;

How sweet to roam at beau-ty's side, Thro' glens and dells and woodlands wide; How sweet to sit by a fountain clear, And whisper love to a maiden's ear, And whisper love to a maiden's ear.

How sweet to fly from care and strife, And the dull, cold round of city life; To stray thro' wood and sha-dy grove, And plight our troth to the maid we love, And plight our troth to the maid we love.

p

1. Shades of Evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will not restore us Yonder dim and dis - tant Isle;

2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces, Smile around the ta - per's light; Who will fill our vacant places! Who will sing our son - s to - night?

p

3. When the waves are round us breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone, And my eye in vain is seeking Some green leaf to work up - on;

Ritard. *Espress e Ritard.*

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sunny spots where friends may dwell; Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of beauty, "Fare thee well!"

Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell; Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!"

Cres. *Ritard e Dim. pp*

What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell; Absence makes the heart grow warmer, "Isle of Beauty, "Fare thee well!"

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll

2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl; There is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!

cheerfully sing our parting hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The rap-ids are near, and the daylight's past.

sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The rap-ids are near, and the daylight's past.

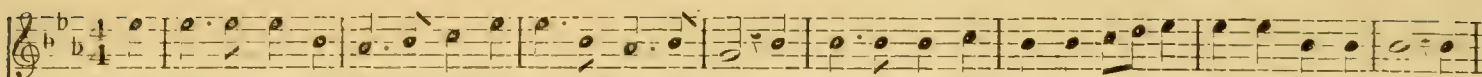
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of Sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and

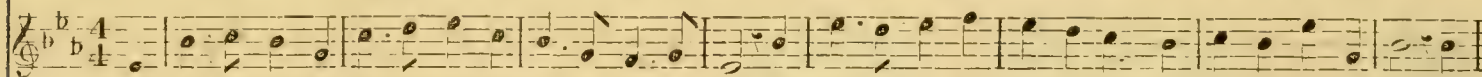
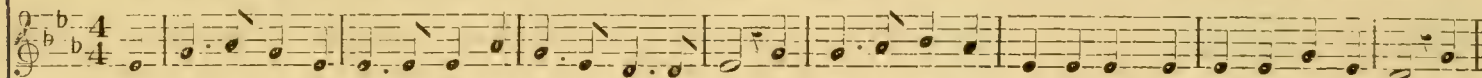
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with

gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

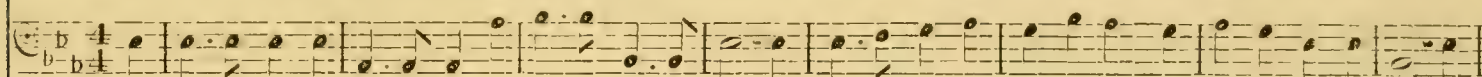
them: Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.



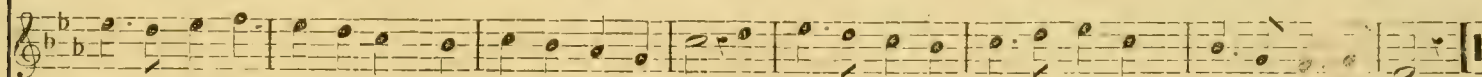
1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls; As if that soul had fled. So



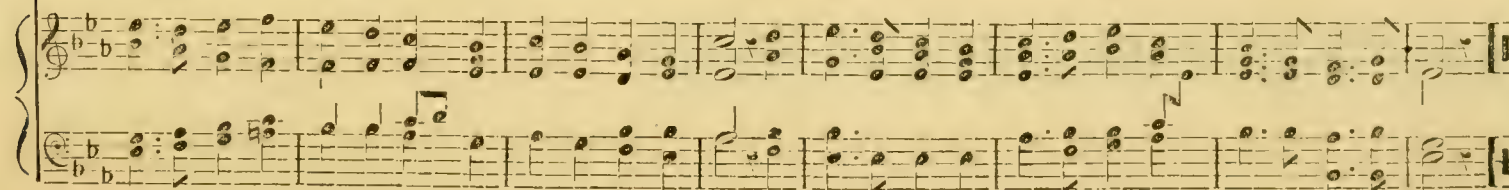
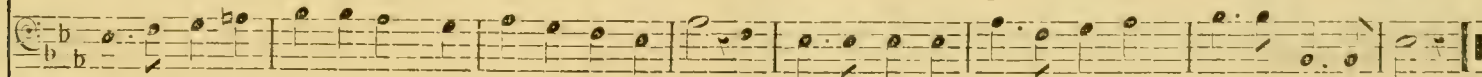
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells Thus



sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.



free-dom now so sel-dom wakes; The on-ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.



COME WITH THE GIPSY BRIDE.

First system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8, containing the lyrics: "Come.... with the Gyp-sy bride, and re-pair to the fair, When.... the ma-zy dance, will the hours en-trance,....". The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The fifth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8.

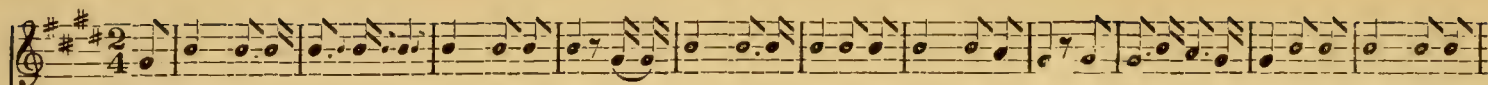
Second system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8, containing the lyrics: "Love is the first thing to clasp, but if.. he es-cape your grasp, Friendship will then be at hand, in the young rogue's place to stand,". The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The fifth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8.

Hope them will be nothing loath To point out the way to both ; Hope them will be nothing loath To point out the way to both

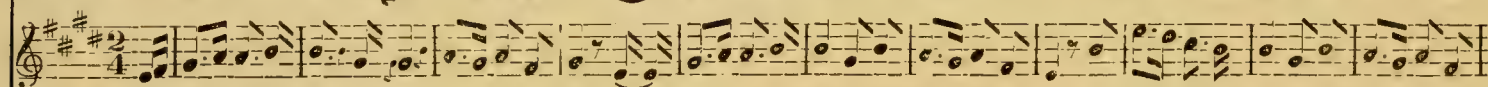
The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The fifth staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

Come with the Gyp - sy bride, and re - pair to the fair, When the ma - zy dance, will the hours en - trance.

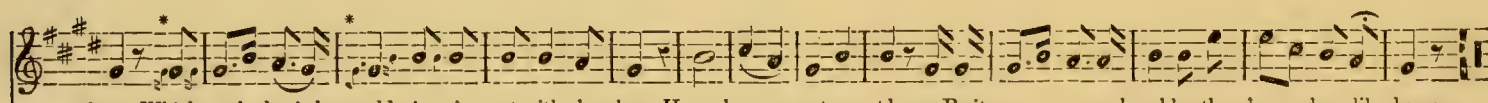
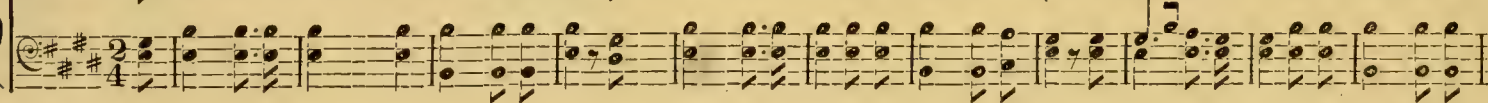
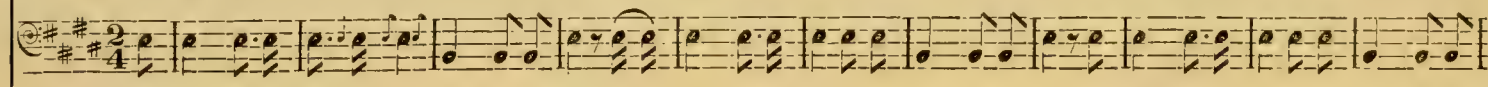
The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The fifth staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals.



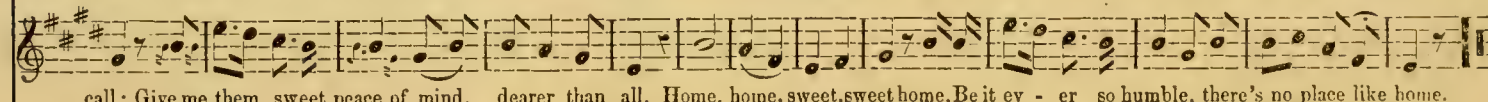
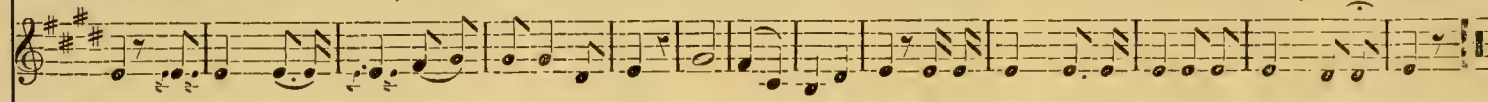
1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us



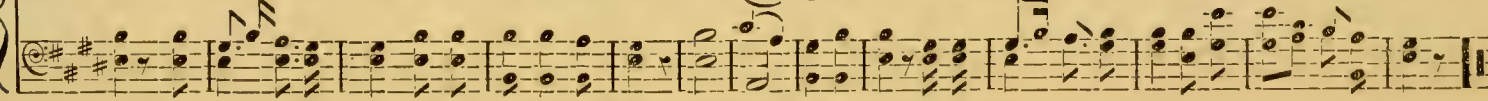
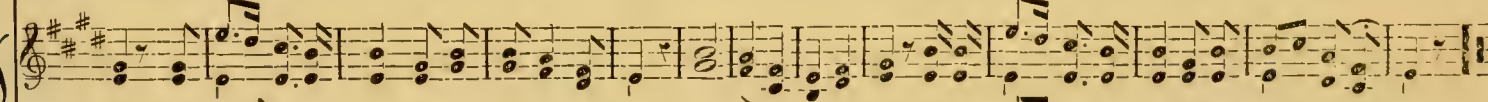
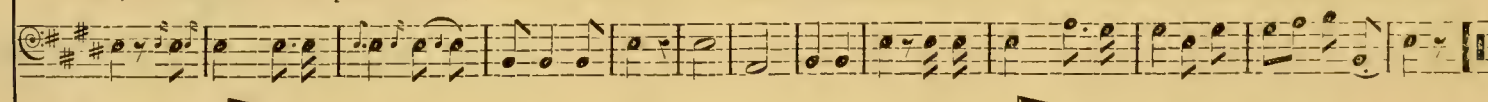
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage a - gain, The birds singing gai-ly, that come at my



there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.



call; Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.



* The Small Notes in this Bar are to be sung to the second verse.

1. Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May; We will hasten to the woods a-way, Among the flow'rs so sweet and gay, Then a -

2. Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May; How the songsters warble on each spray? And we will be as blithe as they, Then a -

- way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a - way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.

- way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a - way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two verses of the song. The second system contains the chorus, which is repeated twice. The piano accompaniment is written in the lower staves of each system, featuring a mix of chords and moving lines. The vocal parts are written in the upper staves, with lyrics printed below the notes. The score is printed in a clear, legible font, with a decorative border around the page.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

1. { Fare - well, fare-well to thee, Ar - a - by's daughter! Thus warbled a Pe - ri beneath the dark sea; } Oh! fair as the sea flower close to thee growing, How
 { No pearl ev - er lay, un - der O-man's green water, More pure in its shell than thy spir - it in thee. }

2. { But long up - on Ar - a - by's green sunny highlands, Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom } And still, when the merry date season is burning, And
 { Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl Islands, With nought but the sea-stars to light up her tomb. }

3 { The young vil - lage maid with flowers she dresses Her dark - flow - ing hair, for some fes - ti - val day, } Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her hero forget thee, Tho'
 { Will think of thy fate, till neg - lect - ing her tresses, She mournful - ly turns from the mir - ror a - way; }

4. { Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pil - low With eve - ry thing beaute - ous that grows in the deep, } A - round thee shall glisten the loveli - est am - ber That
 { Each flow'r of the rock, and each gem of the bil - low Shall sweeten thy bed, and il - lum - ine thy sleep. }

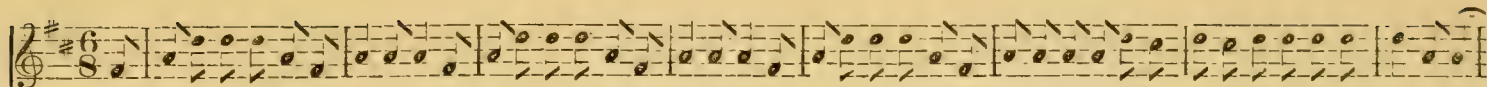
5. { We'll dive where the gardens of co - ral lie darkling, And plant all the ro - si - est stems at thy head: } Farewell—farewell—untill Pity's sweet fountain Is
 { We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian lie sparkling, And gather their gold to strew o - ver thy bed. }

light was thy heart till love's witch - er - y came, Like the wind of the South o'er a sum - mer lute blowing And hush'd all its mu - sic and wither'd its fame.

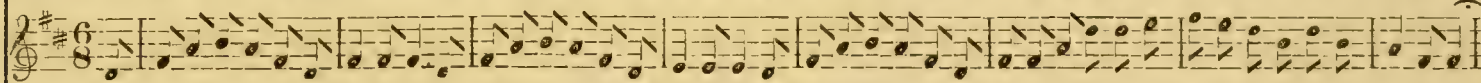
calls to the palm-groves the young and the old, The hap - pi - est there, from their pastime return - ing, At sun - set, will weep when thy story is told.

ty - rants watch o - ver her tears as they start; Close, close by the side of that he - ro she'll set thee, Embalm'd in the in - nermost shrine of her heart.

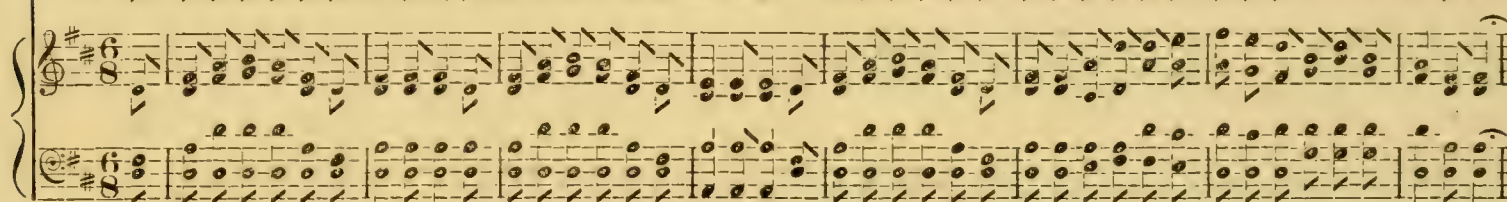
ev - er the sor - row - ing sea - bird has wept; With ma - ny a shell in whose hol - low - wreath'd chamber, We, Peri's of ocean, by moonlight have slept.
 lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave, They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain, They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.



The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!



The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!



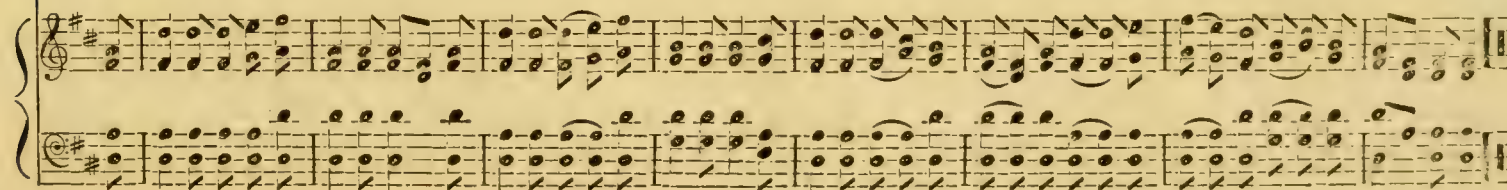
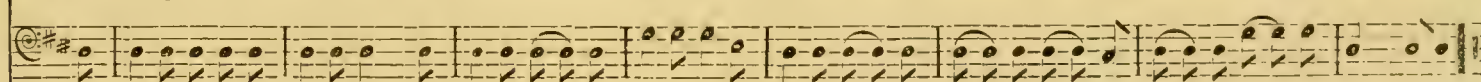
Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, I looked down to bonnie Loch-le - ven, And heard the bon - ny pi-brochs play.



2 Great Argyle he goes before, He makes his cannons loudly roar; Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!



3. The Campbells, they are a' in arms, Their loyal faith and truth to show! Wi' banners rat - ling in the wind, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!



THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Solo.

1. Fare thee well! what tho' I leave thee, A mother's prayers will still be thine; And to hear of thy heart's gladness Will be balm and joy to mine. Memory

2. As I watch'd thy infant slumbers, My tears of joy I strove to hide; While to think upon the future Filled the mother's heart with pride. 'Tis the

CHORUS.

in my brain is crowding, Many tho'ts now pass'd a - way, All, save Love shall be for - got - ten, In thy mother's part - ing lay.

first time we have parted, And a grief is on my heart, . . Yet the hope within me whispers We shall meet, no more to part.

Piano.

Voice.

1. A - way with mel-an - chol - y, Nor dole-ful changes ring, On life and hu-man fol - ly, But mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Fa la :

2. Then what's the use of sigh-ing, While time is on the wing ; Can we pre-vent his fly-ing ? Then mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Fal la.

3. The rose its bloom re - fu - ses, If pluck'd not in the spring ; Life soon its fragrance los - es, Then cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sing, Fal la.

Come on, ye ro - sy hours, Gay smil-ing mo-ments bring ; We'll strew the way with flow-ers, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Fal la.

If griefs, like A - pril showers, A moment's sadness bring, Joys soon suc - ceed like flow-ers, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, Fal la.

Fly, fly, all dull e - mo - tion, All care a - way we fling ; Pure joy is our de - vo - tion, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, Fal la.

Fine.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain has bound thee, Fond mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.

2. When I re - member all The friends so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - ter weather,
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.

D. C.

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone now dim'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken !

I feel like one who treads alone, Some banquet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but me de - part - ed.

1. "Come tell me blue eyed stranger, Say whither dost thou roam; O'er this wild world a ranger; Hast thou no friends nor home?" They call me blue eyed

2. "Come here, I'll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hap-less lot; Still wet with morn-ing showers, I'll buy, "forget me not." Kind sir, then take those

1st. time.

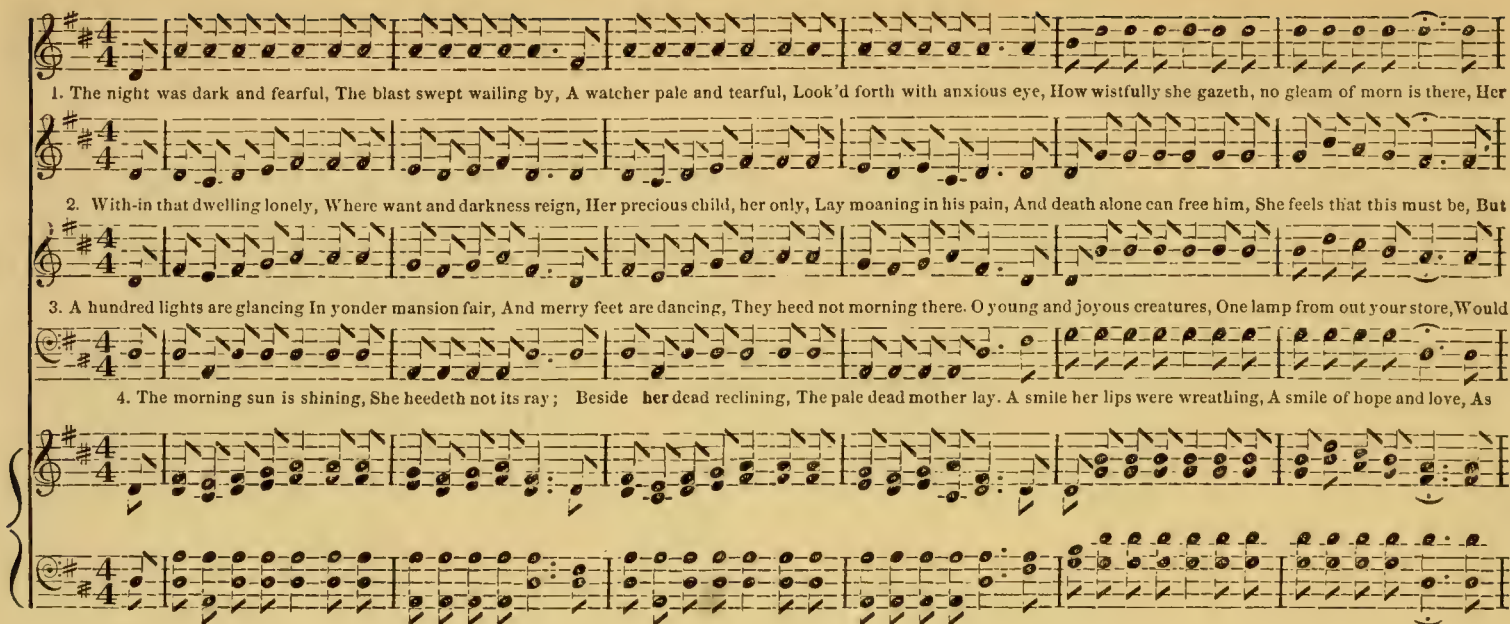
2nd. time.

Ma-ry When friends and for-tune smil'd; But ah! how for-tunes va-ry! I now am sorrow's child.

posies. They're fad-ing like my youth; But nev-er like these..... ro-ses, shall with-er Mary's truth.

[25]

THE WATCHER.

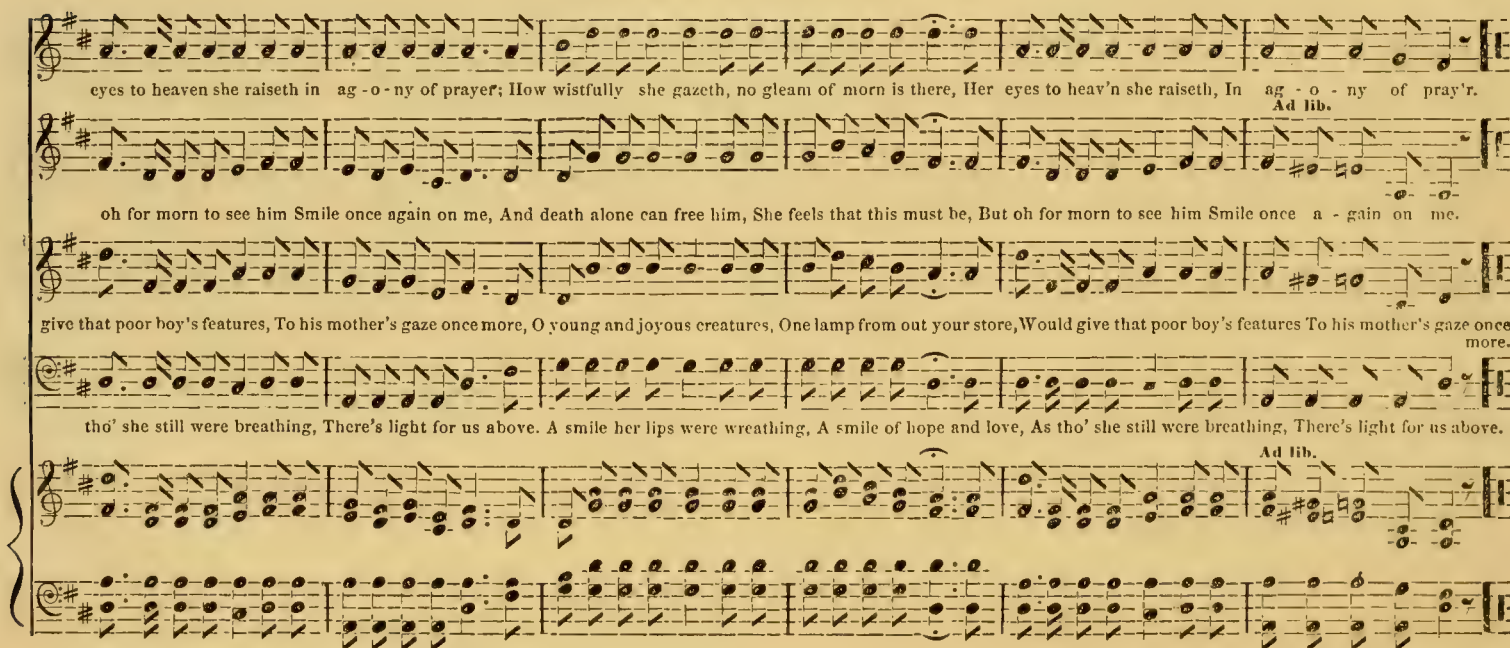


1. The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by, A watcher pale and tearful, Look'd forth with anxious eye, How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her

2. With-in that dwelling lonely, Where want and darkness reign, Her precious child, her only, Lay moaning in his pain, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But

3. A hundred lights are glancing In yonder mansion fair, And merry feet are dancing, They heed not morning there. O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would

4. The morning sun is shining, She heedeth not its ray; Beside her dead reclining, The pale dead mother lay. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As



eyes to heaven she raiseth in ag-o-ny of prayer; How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth, In ag-o-ny of pray'r. *Ad lib.*

oh for morn to see him Smile once again on me, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But oh for morn to see him Smile once a-gain on me.

give that poor boy's features, To his mother's gaze once more, O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would give that poor boy's features To his mother's gaze once more.

tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above. *Ad lib.*

S

Fine.

1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off'ring be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.

2. Tho' love and song may fail, a - las! To keep life's clouds a - way, At least 'twill make them ligh - ter pass, Or glad them if they stay.

Dal Segno. S

A lute, whose gentle song re - veals, The soul of love full well; And bet - ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute can tell. I

If ev - er care his dis - cord flings, O'er life's enchanted strain, Let love but gent - ly touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet a - gain. I

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the village church And the cot - tage by the

2. Be - side that Cot - tage Porch, A girl was on her knees; She held a - loft a snow - y scarf Which flutter'd in the

3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For daunt - less was the Soldier's heart, Tho' tears were on his

brook. He lis - ten'd to the sounds so fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the Soldier leant up - on his sword, And wiped a - way a tear.

breeze; She breath'd a prayer for him, A pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped a - way a tear.

cheek; Go - watch the fore - most ranks In dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there, Has wiped a - way a tear.

nd lib.

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy

2. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re - sides; There, oft as mild evening weeps

murmuring stream; Flow gently, sweet Afton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou dove, whose soft e - cho re - sounds from the hill, Thou green-crested

o - ver the lea, Thy sweet-scented groves shade my Ma-ry and me. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gently, sweet

lap-wing, with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whistling warblers, your mu-sic for - bear, I charge you dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, dis-turb not her dream.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

ALICE GRAY.

1. She's all my fan-cy paint-ed her, She's love-ly, she's di-vine; But her heart it is a - nother's, She

2. Her dark brown hair is braid-ed o'er A brow of spot-less white; Her soft blue eye now lan-guish-es, Now

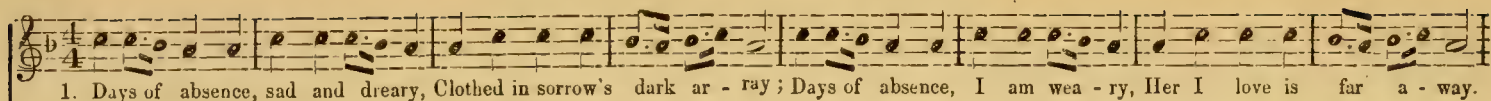
2. I've sunk be-neath the sun-mer's sun, And trem-bled in the blast: But my pil-grim-age is near-ly done, The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp and 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

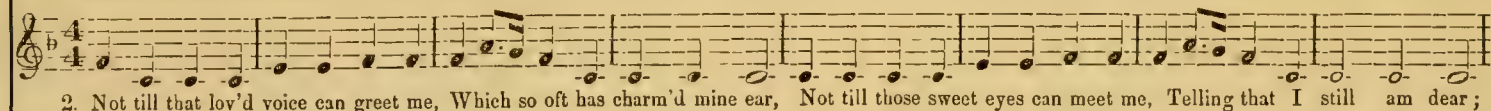
nev - er can be mine. Yet lov'd I as man nev - er lov'd, A love with-out de - cay, Oh! my heart, my heart is
 flash-es with de - light: The hair is brai-ded not for me, The eye is turn'd a - way, Yet my heart, my heart is
 wea - ry con - flict past: And when the green sod wraps my grave, May pi - ty hap - ly say, "Oh! his heart, his heart is

breaking, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray,
 breaking, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Yet my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray.
 brok-en, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Oh! his heart, his heart is brok-en, for the love of Al - ice Gray.

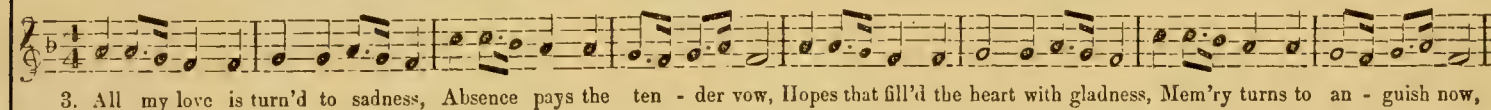
DAYS OF ABSENCE.




1. Days of absence, sad and dreary, Clothed in sorrow's dark ar - ray ; Days of absence, I am wea - ry, Her I love is far a - way.

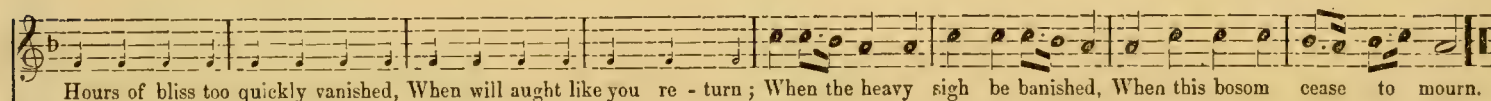


2. Not till that lov'd voice can greet me, Which so oft has charm'd mine ear, Not till those sweet eyes can meet me, Telling that I still am dear ;

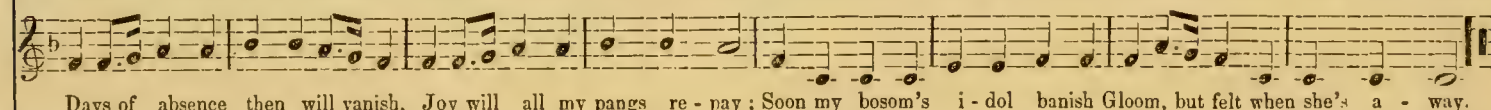


3. All my love is turn'd to sadness, Absence pays the ten - der vow, Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness, Mem'ry turns to an - guish now,

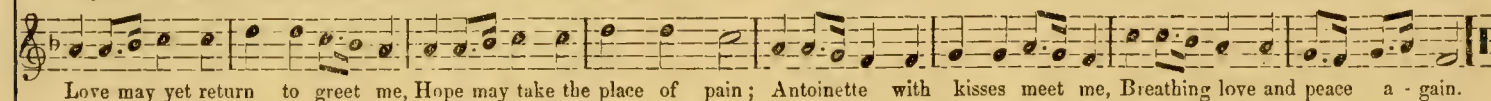




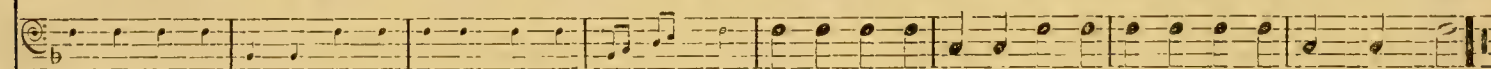
Hours of bliss too quickly vanished, When will aught like you re - turn ; When the heavy sigh be banished, When this bosom cease to mourn.



Days of absence then will vanish, Joy will all my pangs re - pay ; Soon my bosom's i - dol banish Gloom, but felt when she's a - way.



Love may yet return to greet me, Hope may take the place of pain ; Antoinette with kisses meet me, Breathing love and peace a - gain.




DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR.

Con Anima,

1 Come join with me in noble song, And let us be sin-cere; Our native land shall be the theme; Our hearts shall have no fear. Since Monarchs do not

2. What inspiration prompts the heart To such a glorious cause? The freedom that we now enjoy, It merits our ap-plause. And God, the Fa-ther

3. Let Youth and Age with mingled voice The joyful strain awake! Let true devotion fire each soul, While forth the paeans break! Great God of all the

rule our soil With power and command, We'll sing most free in praise of thee, Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

of us all, With his pro-tect-ing hand, Will bless us while we praise in song Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

u - ni - verse, With thy pro-ect-ing hand O guard the soil that gave us birth—Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

Moderato. Solo.

1. O, the Rose of Gra-na-da was bloom-ing full blown, And she laughed at the sui-tors who thought her their
 2. He sang from his sad-dle, of war and of love, With a voice that was soft as the hou-ries' a-
 3. She smiled in his face as she ne'er smiled be-fore, And the sui-tors went trooping a-way from her
 4. The sui-tor went mut-ter-ing, by day and by night, 'Our Rose will be sto-len a-way in our
 5. 'She is one of a hundred— to tell you's but fair; Who'll tilt for the la-dy I've left in des-

own, Till there came from Mo-ro-co the Moor, A-la Jaeer, And he tossed from his spear-head the horse-tails in air.
 bove; And he sang to his git-tern of love and of war, With one foot in his stirrup and one in her door;
 door; But they saw from a spear dri-ven deep in the plain, Where a barb had been tied by his gold-bit-ted rein.
 sight, 'Till the Moor, A-la Jaeer, from her por-tals one morn Stepped, shak-ing the horse-tails in tri-umph and scorn;
 pair?' With a scowl on his brow, and a sneer on his mouth; The horse-tails went danc-ing a-way towards the south.

CHORUS.*Ritard.*

Say-ing 'List to me, la-dy; For hith-er I've flown, O Rose of Gra-na-da, To make thee my own.'
 Sing-ing, 'Look from thy lat-tice; I ne-ver will rove, O Rose of Gra-na-da, For war yields to love.'
 That the horse-tails were wav-ing, Now hith-er, now there; For the Rose of Gra-na-da Had fallen in the snare.
 A-way, to your la-dy. And tend her, I pray, For the Rose of Gra-na-da Is fad-ing a-way.
 But the sui-tors were whispering, Ere day-light was gray, 'O, the Rose of Gra-na-da Has fad-ed a-way!'

Ritard.

Amoroso.

1. Where sweet wavelets in their gladness Break up - on the pebbly shore, Making mu - sic in their madness, Like the sound of Ocean's roar.

2. Bright in her young beau - ty glowing—Fair and beau - ti - ful was she, As the sparkling waters, showing Beauty in the whisp'ring sea.

3. And they told her of those regions, In that blessed land of rest, Where the countless seraph legions, Bend un - to their Maker blest.

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Amoroso' and includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Rose a cot-tage—and a maid-en By the blue wave might be seen, With a wealth of gold curls lad-en, Love-ly, joy-ous Mag-da-lene.

She, her fa-ther's pride and on-ly—Fair as Ocean's fabled queen—Oft-times sought the sea-side lone-ly; Angels walked with Mag-da-lene.

Gone from earth—there's no more sadness, Life to her all love hath been; Gone to heaven—where joy and gladness Lights the face of Mag-da-lene.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It follows the same musical notation as the first system, with three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, one sharp key signature, and 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

FOLLOW ME, A SERENADE.

Words and Arrangement by
J. W. TURNER.*Moderato. Solo.*

1. A - wake my love, and haste a - way Be - fore the dawn - ing of the
2. My bark is read - y in the bay, To bear us, loved one, far a -

mp

day, For while the moon shines bright and clear, We must not long - er tar - ry here; But
way, All dan - ger we will no - bly brave While sail - ing on the o - cean wave. Then

CHORUS.

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Dear - est maid - en, to the sea.

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Dear - est maid - en, to the sea.

Andante. Dolce e Legato.

1. They grew in beau-ty side by side, They fill'd one home with glee; Their graves are severed far and wide By mount, and stream, and sea. The *Soli.*

2. One midst the for-est of the west By a dark stream is laid; The In-dian knows his place of rest Far in the ce-dar shade. The *Soli.*

3. One sleeps where southern vines are dressed, A-bove the noble slain; He wound his colors round his breast,— On a blood-red field of Spain, And

4. And parted thus, they rest, who played Beneath the same green tree; Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent knee. They

same fond mother bent at night, O'er each fair sleeping brow, She had each fold-ed flower in sight—Where are those dreamers now? *Tutti.*

sea, the blue lone sea bath one, He lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep. *Tutti.*

one o'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves by soft winds fanned; She fad-ed midst I - tal-ian flowers, The last of that fair band.

that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheered with song the hearth,—A - las! for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, oh earth!

Allegretto.

1. Wake! wake! wake! Morning beams; wake from dreams, While the sun now brightly gleams; Haste away, for the day Bright and joyous seems! Birds are singing merrily, Lads are tripping

2. Wake! wake! wake! To our toil let's repair, While sweet zephyrs fill the air; Ever may, night and day, Blessings be our share! O, 'tis sweet, at early dawn, When to labor

o'er the lea; O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray! Tra la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray!

we away, O'er the hills, by the rills, In the sun's bright ray! Tra la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, O'er the hills, by the rills, In the sun's bright ray!

Moderato e Staccato.

Fine.

p

la la

p

Tra la, la

p

la la

p

p

p

f

1. O la - dy, wake; the moon shines bright ; It is a lovely summer night ; Then let us by the light a - way ; O la - dy, come with me!

f

f

f

f

2. Sweet la - dy, wake, and list to me, While I chant a mel-o-dy; O hear thy lover's tuneful lay; Then, la - dy, come with me!

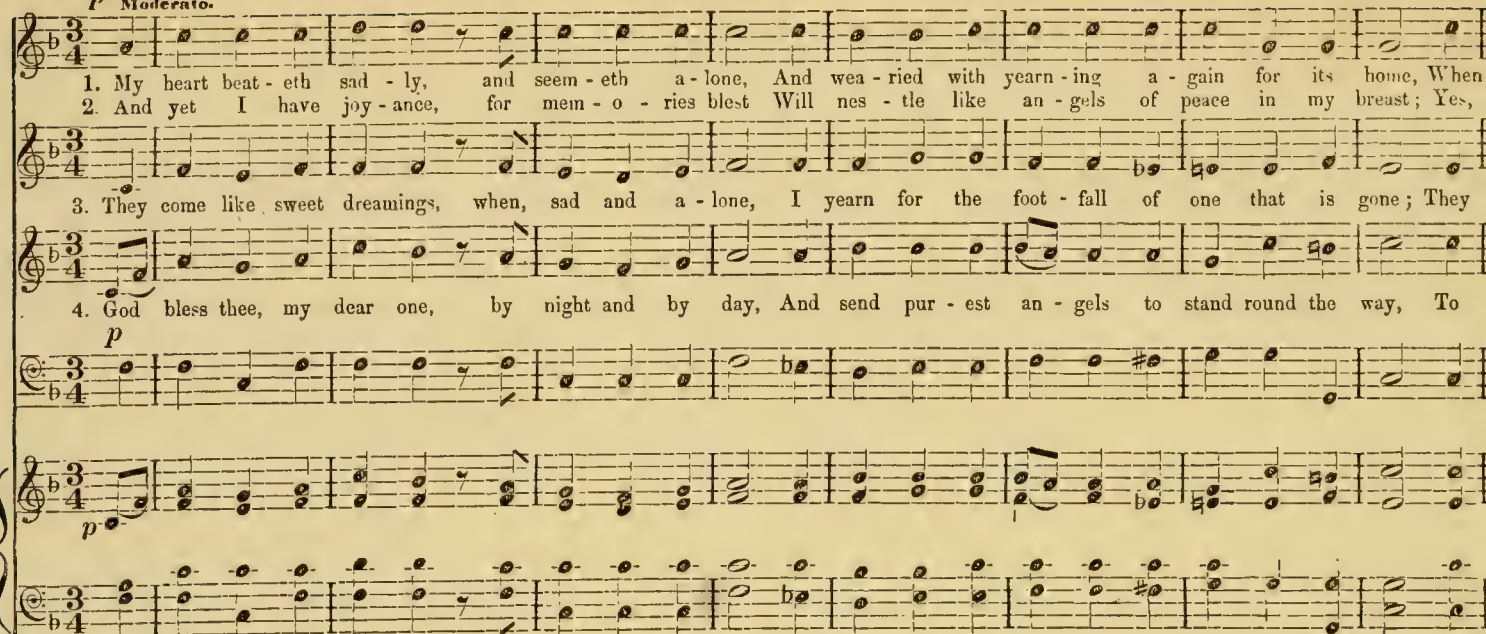
Andante. Solo.

1. I kissed her lip and left her side, In Spring's young balm - y time, When
2. When Win - ter from its si - lent wing, Had shed the stain - less snow, And To
3. She sleeps be - neath the withered grass, And knows not I am here,

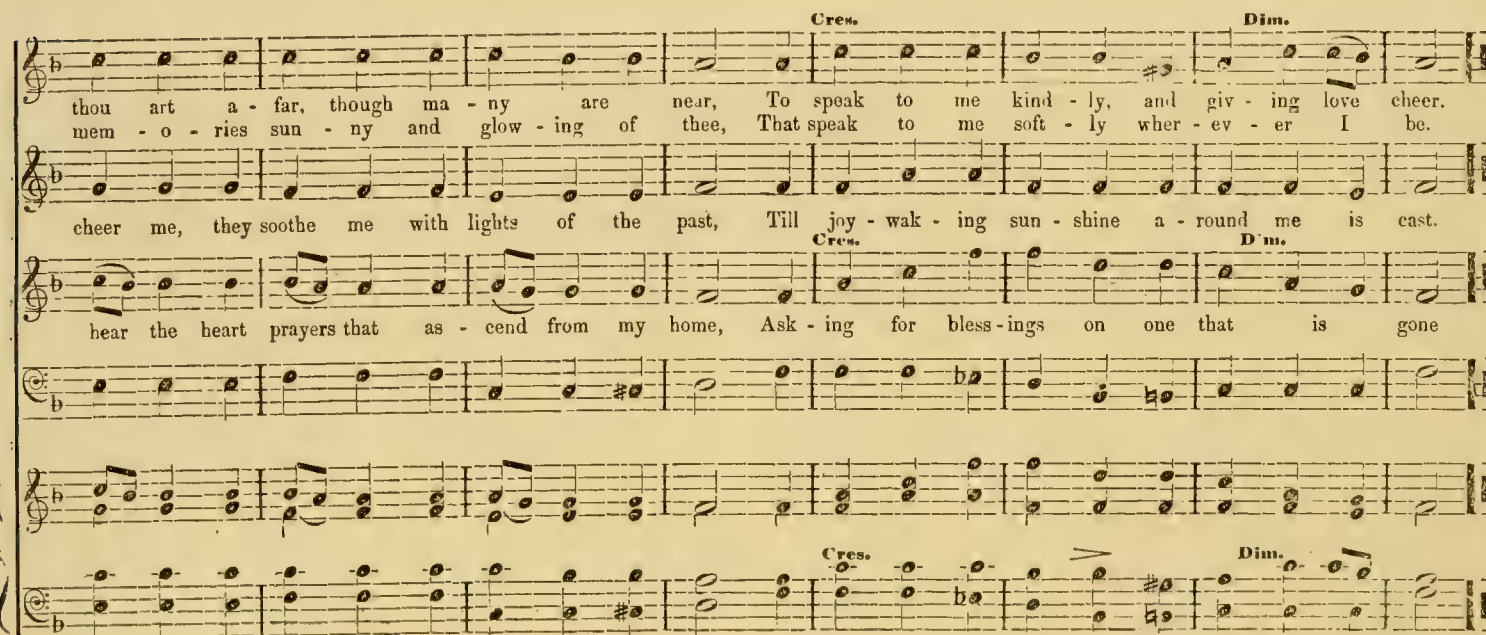
ev - 'ry blos - som seems a bride, And wa - ters flow in rhyme ;
crowned each for - est tree a king, And sealed the wild brook's flow,
cheat the tar - dy hours that pass, And moan my sor - row's prayer.

CHORUS.

The birds were warbling in the bowers, The dew slept on the spray, And na - ture sought in vain with flowers To ri - val Agnes May.
My footsteps sought her qui - et home, But sad - ly turned a - way, A - las ! that I should live to come And find not Agnes May !
They say a - gain the spring shall be, And make the mourners gay— A - las ! that were no spring to me That brought not Agnes May.

p *Moderato.*


1. My heart beat-eth sad-ly, and seem-eth a-lone, And wea-ried with yearn-ing a-gain for its home, When
2. And yet I have joy-ance, for mem-o-ries blest Will nes-tle like an-gels of peace in my breast; Yes,
3. They come like sweet dreamings, when, sad and a-lone, I yearn for the foot-fall of one that is gone; They
4. God bless thee, my dear one, by night and by day, And send pur-est an-gels to stand round the way, To



thou art a-far, though ma-ny are near, To speak to me kind-ly, and giv-ing love cheer.
mem-o-ries sun-ny and glow-ing of thee, That speak to me soft-ly wher-ev-er I be.
cheer me, they soothe me with lights of the past, Till joy-wak-ing sun-shine a-round me is cast.
hear the heart prayers that as-cend from my home, Ask-ing for bless-ings on one that is gone

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

211

Scherzando. *S.*

mf

Come, chase that starting tear a-way, Ere mine to meet it springs: To-night, at least, to-night be gay, Whate'er to-mor-row brings. Like

2. To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven But one bright hour al-low, Oh, think that one bright hour is given, In all its splendor, now. Let's

mf

S.

mf

Fine.

D. C. S.

sun-set gleams, that lin-ger late When all is dark'ning fast, Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—The brightest, and the last. Then, &c.

live it out—then sink in night, Like waves that from the shore, One min-ute swell, are touch'd with light, Then lost for ev-er-more! Come, &c.

D. C. S.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.*Con Moto,*

1. She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And lov-ers are round her, sigh-ing: But

2. She sings the wild song of her dear na-tive plains, Ev'ry note which he loved un-changing; Ah.

3. He had lived for his love, for his coun-try he died, They were all that to life had en-twined him; Nor

4. Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest, When they prom-ise a glo-rious mor-row; They'll

p

cold-ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly-ing.

lit-tle they think who de-light in her strains, How the heart of the Min-strel is break-ing.

soon shall the tears of his coun-try be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.

shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her own loved is-land of sor-row.

HOOP! HOOP! HURRAH!

Words and Arrangement by
J. W. TURNER.

213

A Finger. Solo.

1. As hoops are all the rage, now you mustn't think it strange, If I say a few words all a -
 2. They say, the oth - er day, that a la - dy on the street Had hoops of such very large di -
 3. One cold, blust' - ring day, when the wind blew ver - y high, A lady thought she'd venture out a
 4. Since the good days of Eve, O, it is ver - y true That ladies all have ever been good
 5. O la - dies, please ex - cuse me, and do not take of - fence At what I have seen fit to

- bout them; For the safe - ty of our race I should like to see a change; Why can't the la - dies get a - long with - out them?
 - mension, That they sud - den - ly burst, threw some gents off their feet! O, they cried, "What a hor - ri - ble in - ven - tion!"
 walking; A sud - den gust took her—you'd a laughed to've seen her fly! It was fun - ny! O, there's no use a talk - ing!
 looking; And I think it rather queer, now, la - dies dear, that you Can't get a - long without such a hoop - ing!
 mention; Don't come with a "cooper shop" in self - de - fence, Or de - nounce me at a "wo - man's right" con - ven - tion!

CHORUS.

Hoop, hoop, hurrah! shall be my theme; O, 'tis a good thing for discussion; O, whether I'm awake or whether in a dream, I'm in fear of a hoop, hoop concussion, I declare!

Con Viverzza.

1. The moon is up, and the stars shine bright O'er the si-lent sea, And thy la-dy love, be-neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee. O,

2. O, she has left her harp and bower, Though so dear they be, To wan-der at this lone-ly hour On the shore with thee. O,

sweet the tones of the lute may sound, To the lov - er's list'ning ear; But wilder and faster his pulse will bound At the voice of his la-dy dear. Then

sweet the tones of the lute may sound To the lov - er's list'ning ear, But wilder, and faster his pulse will bound, At the voice of his la-dy dear. Then

come with me while the stars shine bright, O'er the silent sea, And thy la-dy love be-neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee.

come with me while the stars shine bright, O'er the silent sea, And thy la-dy love be - neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee.

The musical score for 'Come With Me While' is presented in three systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system repeats the vocal melody. The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the first system. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

GOING HOME.

Composed and Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

Andante Con Moto.

1. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am go-ing

mp

2. Oh, there is one for whom my soul Hath never ceased to yearn; My mother! be thou first to greet The pro-di-gal's re -

3. Dear, joyous Will, and darling Kate—Links in our household chain— My heart throbs wild to clasp you In these strong arms a -

The musical score for 'Going Home' is presented in three systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system repeats the vocal melody. The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the first system. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

home. No longer can the gold-god keep My feet on stranger ground; Play on, play on, ye billows wild, For I am homeward

turn. My father — soft! spoke low the word, No answer back can come; An angel's beckoned him away To his e-ter-nal

gain. Blow, Boreas, blow! I care for naught! Ye raging billows foam, I care not for your kingly might, For I am going

bound. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

home. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

home. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

Tutti.

Soli.

Tutti.

Soli.

Tutti.

p

b

Con Impeto.

1. Fly! swift to the highlands, my faith-ful com-pan-ion, No hard-hearted stranger claims service from thee; Too long hast thou
 2. My captors are sleeping—I haste to un-loose thee; Go, leave me to groan 'neath the Turk's i-ron band: Go, tell my loved

3. Haste quick to the tent where my loved ones a-wait us, A-gain lick the hands which will wel-come thee home; Go, cleave with thy
 4. What! dost thou not cov-et the breez-es of E-gypt? 'Neath the roof of a khan wouldst thou choose, then, to die? Will thy proud spirit

5. 'Nay, mas-ter! nor yet will thy old friend de-sert thee, While thou art a slave, he can nev-er be free; But will drain his last
 6 Then quick with his teeth by his raiment he raised him, And swift to the mountains of Ar-a-by bled; Nor fal-tered un-

7. Long and deep did the tribe of the A-rab de-plore him, And weep o'er the fate of his res-cu-er bold; And his name was en-

guarded my life a-mid dan-ger, Though I am a slave, yet thou shalt be free, Though I am a slave, yet thou shalt be free.
 wife and my fond dot-ing chil-dren, I serve the proud Aga or die by his hand! I serve the proud Aga or die by his hand!

bosom the waters of Jordan, And feed from the hills where free thou didst roam, And feed from the hills where free thou didst roam.
 yield to the rein of the stranger, Ever 'neath the rude lash of the tyrant to sigh? Ever 'neath the rude lash of the tyrant to sigh?

drop of red blood for thy res-cue, And glorious-ly die, to bring freedom to thee! And glorious-ly die, to bring freedom to thee!
 til at the tent-door he laid him, Then dead with fatigue fell the steed at his side! Then dead with fa-tigue fell the steed at his side!

rolled in the book of the faithful, While the tale of his valor by po-ets was told, While the tale of his valor by po-ets was told.

Andante e Sincato.

1. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the

2. But few and short were the pray'rs we said, And we spoke not a word of sor-row, But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead! And we

3. We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed, And smooth'd down his lone-ly pil-low, That the foe and stranger would tread o'er his head, And we

4. But half our hea-vy task was done, When the clock told the hour for re-tir-ing, And we heard by the distant and ran-dom gun, That the

grave where our He-ro we buried. We buried him dark-ly at dead of night, The turf with our bay'-nets turn-ing, By the struggling moonbeams

bit-ter-ly thought on the morrow! No useless cof-fin confin'd his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him, But he lay like a war-rior

far a-way on the billow. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone! And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, But nothing he'll reck if they

foe was sudden-ly firing. Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and go-ry; We carv'd not a line we

* A celebrated monody on the death of Sir John Moore.

mis - ty light, And our lanterns dimly burning, By the struggling moonbeam's mis - ty light, And our lanterns dim - ly burning.

taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a — round him! But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a — round him!

let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton laid him. But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton laid him.

rais'd not a stone, But we left him in his glo - ry! We carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we left him in his glo - ry!

IN POSSUM VALLEY.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

Very Pathetic.

1. In Possum val-ley there doth dwell, A comely lass I knew full well; Her home is in a pleasant dell—The sweet one's name is Mollie Ell!

2. Yet I am sorely grieved to think, She brought me nigh to ruin's brink, In telling me my hope is vain—That she will never love a swain.

3. Ah, me! poor me! I am undone, She has my heart and I have none; Now heartless I the world must roam, An exile, banished from her home!

4. But do not think that I will grieve, Nor sad - ly thus my heart deceive; In thinking I no more can find, A maiden suited to my mind.

5. No, rather, than be such a fool I'll drown myself in a dry pool, Or hang my-self by the great toes, To be a scare-crow for the crows

6. And now to you a kind farewell, My sweet, my dearest, Mollie Ell; Hoping that you indeed may find, A lover suited to your mind.

THE DYING MUSICIAN'S REQUEST.

Poetry and Music by
J. W. TURNER.

P Con Dolore. Legito.

p **Con Dolore. Legato.**

1. When I am pass-ing to the land of rest, Let mu-sic sweet-ly fall up-on my ear; Then

2. O, grant me this; full ma-n-y, ma-n-y years Has mu-sic been my theme of bliss-ful joy, A

p

3. Break forth, sweet strains, as oft ye have be-fore, When youth and health glowed on my sun-ny brow; En-

pp *Rall.*

I shall feel that I am doubt-ly blest, If har-mo-ny my dy-ing sen-ses cheer.

sol-ace when my soul was bathed in tears, A plea-sure from the spring-time of a boy,

pp

trance me with your mag-ic spell once more; I hear the tones—I'm dying hap-py now!

pp *Rall.*

MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

221

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Composed and arranged by J. W. TURNER.

p *Dolcemente.*

1. Mother, watch the lit-tle feet, Climbing o'er the gar - den wall, Bounding through the bu - sy street, Ranging cel - lar, shed and hall.

2. Mother, watch the lit-tle hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand, Tos-sing up the fragrant hay.

3. Mother, watch the lit-tle tongue, Prattling el - o - quent and wild, What is said and what is sung, By the joy - ous, hap - py, child.

4. Mother, watch the lit-tle heart, Beating soft and warm for you, Wholesome lessons now impart; Keep, O! keep that young heart true.

Never count the moments lost, Nev - er mind the time it costs, Lit - tle feet will go a-stray, Guide them, mother, while you may.

Never dare the question ask, "Why to me the weary task?" These same lit - tle hands may prove, Messengers of Light and Love.

Catch the word while yet unspoken, Stop the vow be - fore 'tis broken; This same tongue may yet proclaim Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Ex - tri - ca - ting every weed, Sowing good and precious seed, Harvest rich you then may see Ri - pen for e - ter - ni - ty.

Moderato con espressione.

1. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, when na-ture first be - gan To try her can - ny hand, John, her mas - ter work was man; And

2. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit: I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late; They

3. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, when we were first ac - quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - ny brow was bent; But

4. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill to - gither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've had wi' ane a - nither; Now

you amang them a' John, so trig from top to toe, She proved to be nae journey-work, John An-der - son, my Jo.

say ye're turning auld, John, and what tho' it be so, Ye ay' the same kind man to me, John An-der - son, my Jo.

now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow: Yet blessings on your fros - ty pow, John An-der - son, my Jo.

we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep together at the foot, John An-der - son, my Jo.

AWAY NOW, OR TRAB, TRAB.

CUCKEN.

223

mp *All'esretto e Sincento.*

Ritard.

A Tempo.

1. A - way, now joy-ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light, My foaming steed now chiding, Then cheering his quick flight, Now! urge thee still more

2. The trees were past us fly - ing, The mountains seem'd to race; My heart a - lone seem'd dy-ing, All mock'd our wea-ry pace; How slow the long hours

3. At length a cottage shin - ing, 'Mid flow'rets came to sight; My steed its home di - vin-ing, Sprang cheerly on its flight; Now by the door I

4. Now by the warm hearth smiling, There's one, the star of home, With gen - tle words be - guil-ing, She bids me ne'er to roam; I can - not now say

mp

fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friend-ly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet.

glide; The road is free and wide, Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleet-ly ride.

see Two bright eyes fixed on me; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee, Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee.

'nay,' Time seems to fleet a - way; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay.

LONG, LONG AGO.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : Sing me the songs I de -

2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : Ah, yes, you told me you

3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : You, by more el - o - quent

- light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved,

ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then to all oth - ers my smile you pre - ferred,

lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long' ab - sence your truth has been tried,

Let me for-get that so long you have lov'd, Let me believe that you love as you lov'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word, Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Still to your accents I lis ten with pride, Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

The musical score for 'Long, Long Ago' consists of five systems. The first three systems are vocal staves with lyrics. The fourth and fifth systems are piano accompaniment, with the fifth system being a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSEYING.

1. In the days when we went Gipsying, A long time a - go, The lads and lasses in their best Were dress'd from top to toe : We danc'd and sung the

2. All hearts were light, and eyes were bright, While nature's face was gay ; The trees their leafy branches spread, And perfume fill'd the way. 'Twas there we heard the

3. We fill'd a glass to eve-ry lass, And all our friends most dear ; And wish'd them many happy days, And many a happy year. To friends a-way we

The musical score for 'In the Days When We Went Gipsying' consists of five systems. The first three systems are vocal staves with lyrics. The fourth and fifth systems are piano accompaniment, with the fifth system being a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

jo-cund song, Up - on the for-est green ; And nought but mirth and jol - li - ty A-round us could be seen ; And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor
 cuckoo's note, Steal soft - ly thro' the air, While eve - ry scene a - round us look'd Most beau-ti - ful and clear, And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor
 turn'd our tho'ts, With feelings kind and free ; And oh ! we wish'd them with us there, Be-neath the for - est tree, And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor

thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing, A long time a - go, In the days when we went gipsey-ing, A long time a - go.
 thought of care or wo,
 thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go, In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go.

1. O-ver the mountain wave See where they come ; Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea,

2. Eng-land bath sun - ny dales, Dear-ly they bloom ;—Scotia bath heather-hills, Sweet their per-fume : Yet thro' the wil - derness Cheerful we stray,

3. Dim grew the for - est path,—Onward they trod ;—Firm beat their no-ble hearts, Trusting in God ! Gray men and blooming maids, High rose their song,

4. Not theirs the glory-wreath Torn by the blast ; Heavenward their holy steps, Heavenward they past, Green be their mossy graves ! Ours be their fame,

Chorus.

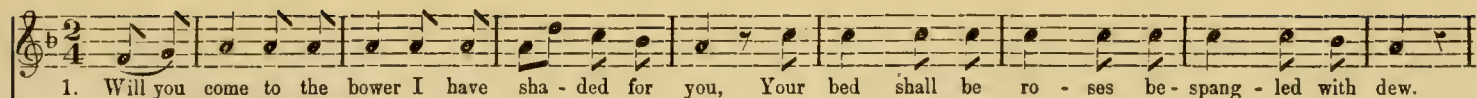
There their song—peals along, Deep toned and free : Pilgrims and wan - der-ers, Hith - er we come ;—Where the free—dare to be,—This is our home !

Na - tive land—native land, Home far a - way ! Pilgrims, &c.

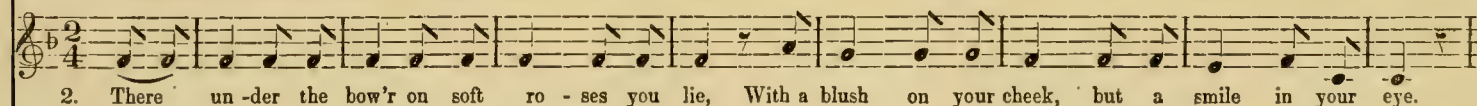
Hear it sweep, Clear and deep, Ev - er a - long ;—Pilgrims, &c.

While their song, peals along, Ev - er the same ;—Pilgrims, &c.

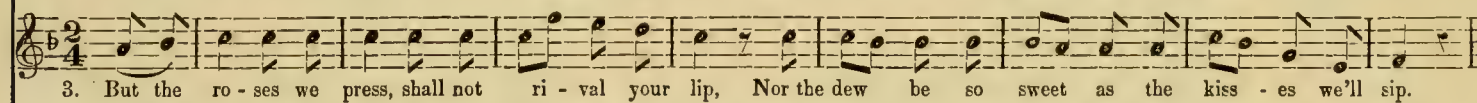
WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?



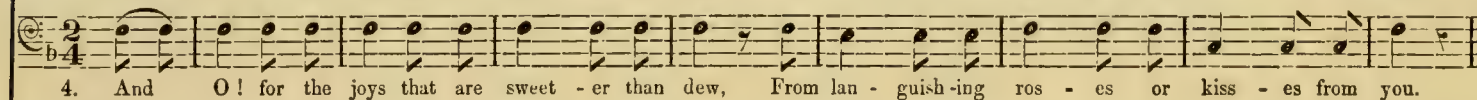
1. Will you come to the bower I have sha - ded for you, Your bed shall be ro - ses be - spang - led with dew.



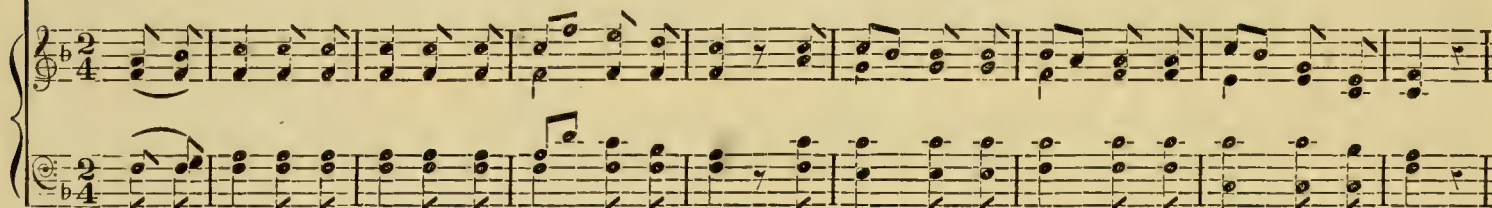
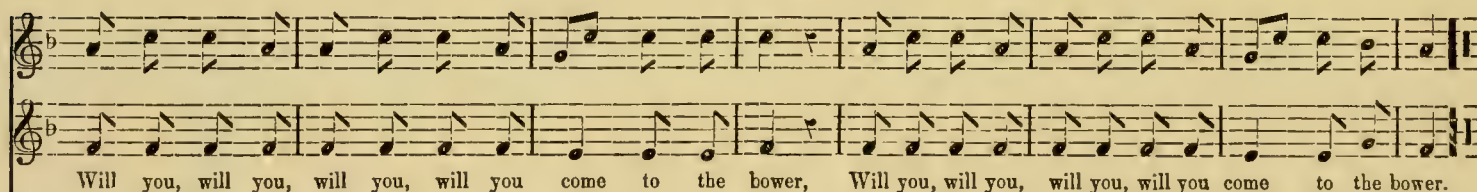
2. There un - der the bow'r on soft ro - ses you lie, With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.



3. But the ro - ses we press, shall not ri - val your lip, Nor the dew be so sweet as the kiss - es we'll sip.



4. And O! for the joys that are sweet - er than dew, From lan - guish - ing ros - es or kiss - es from you.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower, Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower.




1. Oh where, tell me where, does your highland lad-die dwell? Oh where, tell me where, does your highland laddie dwell? He dwells in mer - ry

2. Oh where, and oh where has your Highland lad-die gone? Oh where, and oh where has your Highland lad-die gone? He has gone to fight the

3. In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie clad? In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie clad? His bonnet's of the

4. Sup - pos - ing, sup - pos - ing your high - land lad should die! Sup - pos - ing, sup - pos - ing your highland lad should die! The bagpipes would play

5. Scotland, at the sign of the blue bell, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my lad - die well.

6. French, for King George up - on the throne, And 'tis oh in my heart that I wish him safe at home.

7. Sax-on green, his waist - coat of the plaid, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my highland lad.

8. o - ver him, I'd sit me down and cry, And 'tis oh in my heart, that I hope he may not die.

1. HE. Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, whith-er a - way, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, list while I play. SHE. No, I have lingered too long on my

2. HE. Charming Zi - tel - la, why shouldst thou care, Night is not dark - er than thy raven hair! And those bright eyes, if the brigand should

3. SHE. Sim-ple Zi - tel - la, be-ware, ah beware! List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no prayer. HE. To your light foot-steps let ter - ror add

road, Night is ad - vanc-ing, the brig-and's a - broad! Lone-ly Zi - tel - la has too much to fear: Love's ri - tor - nel - la, she may not hear.

see, Thou art the rob-ber, the cap-tive is he! Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, ban - ish thy fear, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.

wings! 'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni him - self who now sings! Gen-tle Zi - tel - la ban - ish thy fear, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.

1. A ba-by was sleeping, Its mother was weeping, For her husband was far on the wild raging sea, And the

2. Her beads while she numbered, The ba-by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she bend-ed her knee, "Oh,

3. And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy sleeping, Oh, pray to them soft-ly, pray ba-by with me, And

4. The dawn of the morning, Saw Dermont re-turn-ing, And the wife wept with joy, her babe forth to see, And

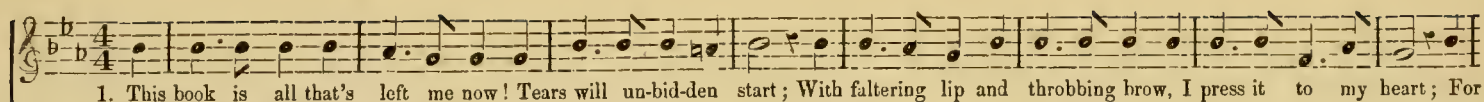
tempest was swelling, Round the fish-er-man's dwelling, And she cried, "Dermont darling, oh come back to me!" *Ad Lib.*

bless'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep adorn-ing, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

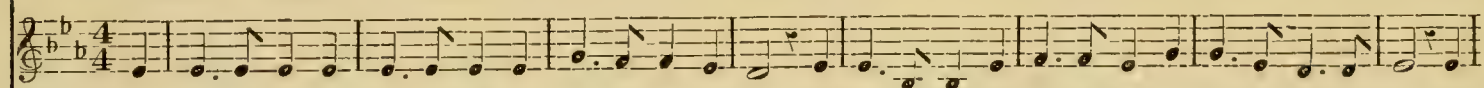
say thou would'st rather They'd watch o'er thy fa-ther, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

closely ca-ress-ing Her child with a blessing, Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

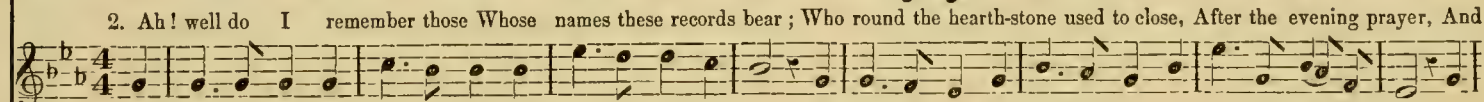
* The idea prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.



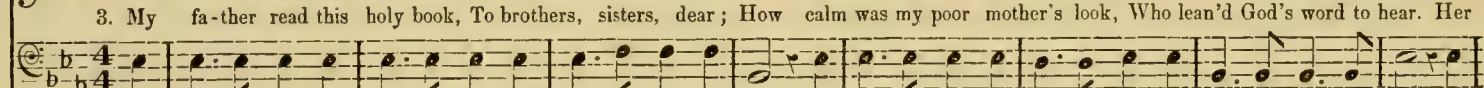
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For



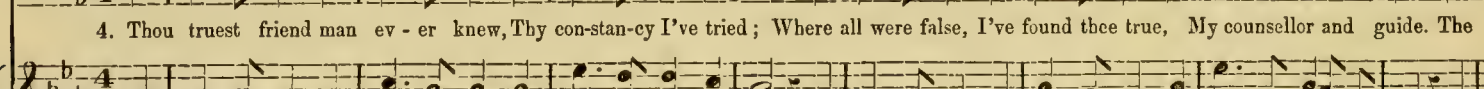
2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer, And



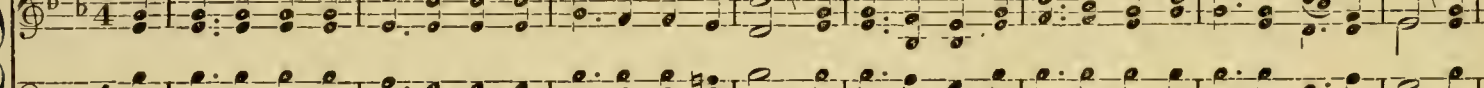
3. My fa-ther read this holy book, To brothers, sisters, dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear. Her



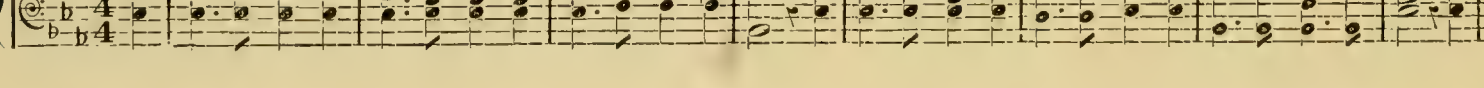
4. Thou truest friend man ev - er knew, Thy con-stant-cy I've tried; Where all were false, I've found thee true, My counsellor and guide. The



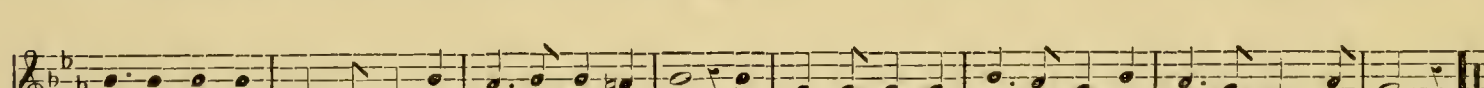
ma - ny gen - er - a-tions pass'd Here is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this bible clasp'd; She dying, gave it me.



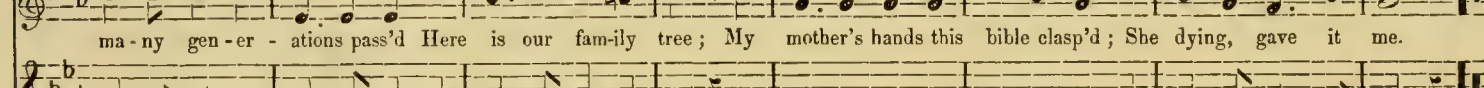
speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;



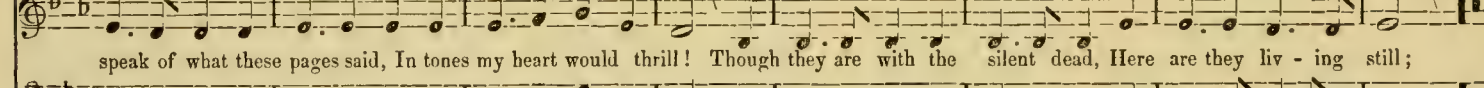
an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging memories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.



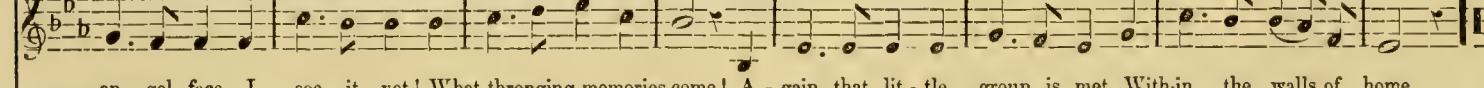
mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume buy; In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.



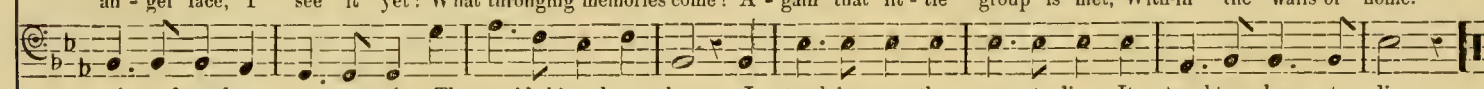
ma - ny gen - er - a-tions pass'd Here is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this bible clasp'd; She dying, gave it me.



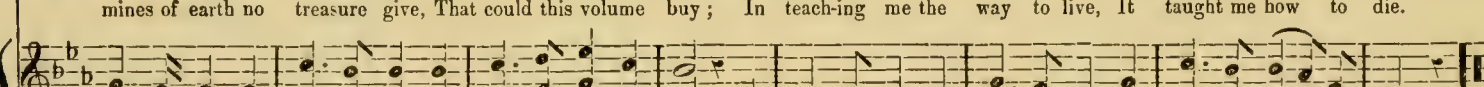
speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;



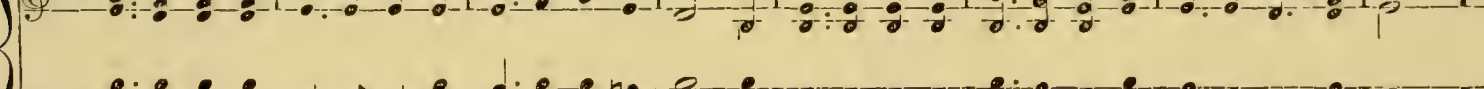
an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging memories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.



mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume buy; In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.



ma - ny gen - er - a-tions pass'd Here is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this bible clasp'd; She dying, gave it me.



speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;



an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging memories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond-ly thine

2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love, Say wilt thou cherish for

3. Speak, speak, love, I implore thee, Say, say, hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee. Say but that thou wilt be

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and moving lines. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics.

own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?

me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine!

The musical score continues with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano part includes a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics.

1. When twi-light dew's are fall-ing fast, Up - on the ro - sy sea; I watch that star, whose beam so oft Has light-ed me to

2. There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with

thee; And thou too on that orb so dear, Ah! don't thou gaze at ev'n, And think tho' lost for - ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!

thee; And still I wish that hour was near, When friends and foes forgiven, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n!

pp Andante con espressione.

1. Oh, Pi - lot ! 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep ; I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to

2. On such a night the sea engulph'd My Father's life - less form ; My on - ly brother's boat went down, In just so wild a

pp

f sleep. Go down ! the sail - or cried, go down ! This is no place for thee ; Fear not ! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherever thou may'st be.

f storm. And such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear not ! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherever thou may'st be.

pp

Ritard.

pp

Ritard.

HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA.

1. Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn : Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls

2. The hounds are un-ken-nell'd and ripe for the game, We start to o'er - take the swift hare ; The hounds are un - ken-nell'd and

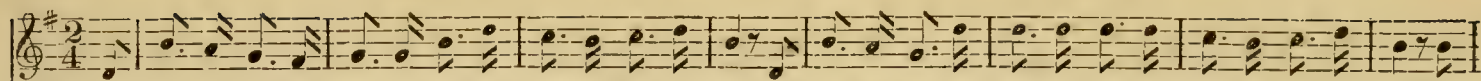
out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn : Rouse, rouse from your slum - bers, to hun - ting give place, The huntsman is winding, is

ripe for the game, We start to o'er - take the swift hare ; All dan - ger we scorn. for pleasure's our aim, To the fields then a - way, then a -

wind - ing his horn, The huntsman is wind - ing, is wind - ing his horn, The huntsman is winding, the huntsman is winding, the way let's repair, To the fields then a - way, then a - way, let's re - pair, To the fields then a - way, To the fields then a - way, To the

huntsman is wind - ing, is wind - ing his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn. fields then a - way, then a - way, let's re - pair, to the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair, to the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair.

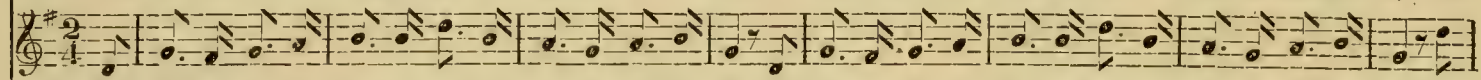
OH! NO, I NEVER MENTION HIM.



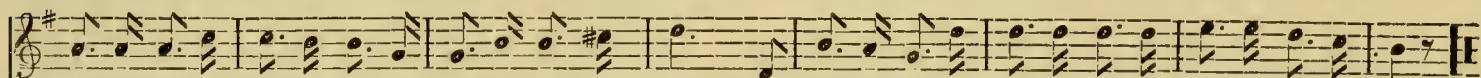
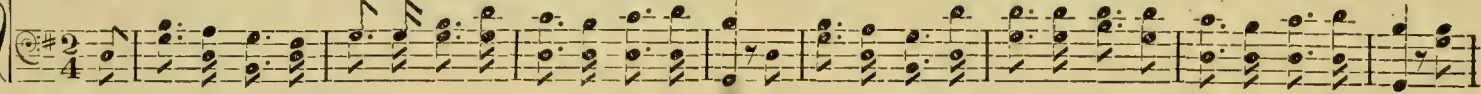
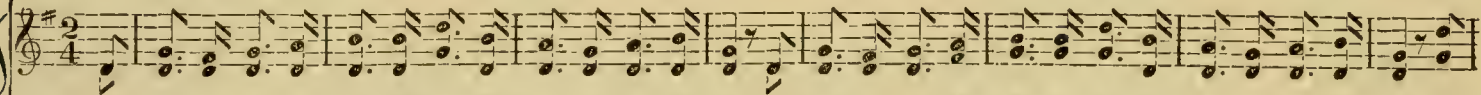
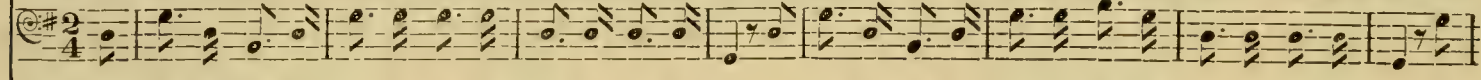
1. Oh! no, I never mention him, His name is never heard; My lips are now for - bid to speak that once fa - mil - iar word. From



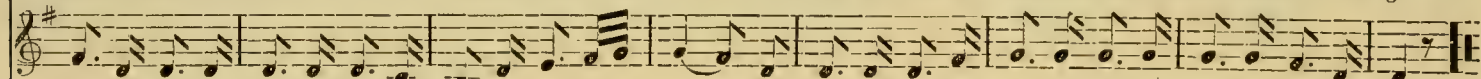
2. They tell me he is happy now, The gayest of the gay; They hint that he for - gets his vow, I heed not what they say: Like



3. They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see; But were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me. 'Tis



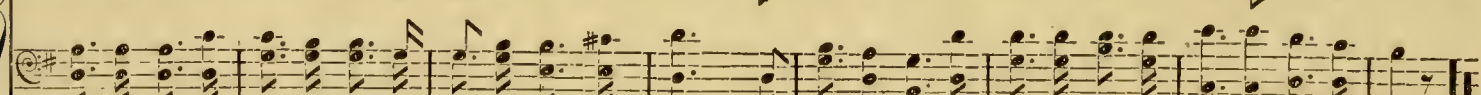
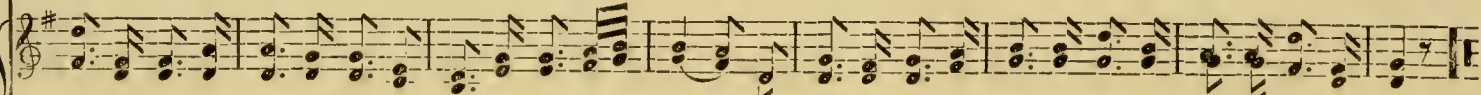
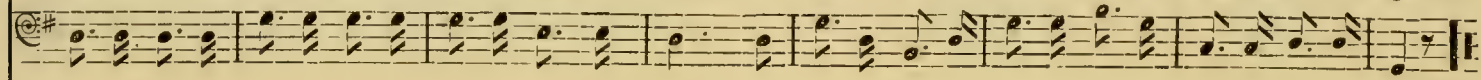
sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my re....gret; And when they win a smile from me, They think that I for - get.



me perhaps he struggles with each feeling of re....gret: But if he loves as I have loved, He never can for - get.



true that I be - hold no more, The val - ley where we met; I do not see that hawthorn tree, But how can I for - get?



1. O'er the wa-ters glid-ing, Our barque pur-sues her way, On-ward no-bly rid-ing, Be-neath the twi-light way, The

2. Summer's breath is blowing, Up-on our snow-white sail, The tide is sweet-ly flow-ing, To-wards our na-tive vale, When

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a simple, lyrical style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

stars will soon shine o'er us, And cast their gen-tle light, Up-on the waves be-fore us, To guide us thro' the night.

day is fast a-wak-ing, A-long the smil-ing main, We'll see the sun-light breaking, A-bove our homes a-gain.

Ad Lib.

The musical score continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music concludes with a final chord and a fermata. The tempo and mood are indicated by the 'Ad Lib.' marking.

INDEX.

A home without a Wife	101	Every day hath toil	26	Love's young Dream	85	Rory's Wife of Aldivalloch	72
A Life on the Ocean Wave	25	Family Bible	232	Love's Ritornella	230	Rory O'More	86
A place in thy Memory, Dearest	177	Follow me	204	Love not	63		
Away now, or Trab, Trab	223			Life let us cherish	74	Sweet Memories of Thee	141
Ah! for Wings, or Prima Donna song	152	Green Hills of Tyrol	44	Long, long ago	224	Shells of Ocean	124
Amid this Greenwood	47	Going Home	215			Sad Hour of Parting	83
Alice Gray	198	Graves of a Household	205	Maid of Judah	118	Sleep of sweet Repose	64
Angels' Whisper	231	Give me a cot in the valley I love	155	Melodies of many Lands	35	Sunny Hours of Childhood	88
Agnes May	209	Guardian Angel	78	Maltese Boatman's Song	56	She is far from the Land	212
Away with Melancholy	191	Gipsy Girl	161	Make me no gaudy Chaplet	158	Spider and Fly	114
Anvil Chorus	18			Meet me by Moonlight	168	Soldier's Return	128
Auld Lang Syne	80	Home, peaceful Home	121	My Heart and Lute	195	" Wedding	123
Araby's Daughter	188	Hours that were	104	Morning Beams	206	" Tear	196
Annie Laurie	8	Harp that once through Tara's Halls	183	My little Valley Home	43	" Grave	218
		Home, sweet Home	186	Mother's Farewell	190	Scenes that are brightest	94
By the sad Sea Waves	132	Hail, thou Merry Month of May	187	Marseilles Hymn	138	Spot where I was born	160
Believe me, if all these endearing	53	Hark! the Goddess Diana	236	Minstrel's return from War	60	She wore a Wreath of Roses	66
Billy Boy	131	Hearts and Homes	146	Madeline	203	Switzer's Song of Home	52
Boatman's Song	81	Happy days of Life are o'er	112	Mother, watch the little Feet	221	Sweet Afton	197
Blanche Alpen	9	Hoop, hoop, hurrah!	213	Marriage Bell	174	Ship Ahoy	50
Bright Rosy Morning	21	Hail Columbia	142			Swiss Boy	27
Blue Bells of Scotland	229	Heart that knows no Sorrows	170	No, ne'er can thy Home be mine	159	Swabian Beggar's Song	57
Be watchful and beware	134			National Schottische Serenade	207		
Bowld Sozer Boy	110	I love the merry Spring	179	Near the Lake where drooped	133	'Tis better to laugh than be sighing	12
Brave Old Oak	140	In the Days that we went Gipsying	225			They said my Love would change	68
Blue-eyed Mary	193	In this old Chair	130	Our native Land shall be the Theme	201	'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel	153
Bonny Doon	75	In Possum Valley	219	On to the Field	22	There is no Home like my own	102
Bonny Mary Grey	154	I'd offer thee this Hand of mine	46	Oh, whisper what thou feelest	98	Twilight Dews	234
		I would that my love	33	Oh, I have roamed in many Lands	115	Ten O'clock	49
Call me pet Names	31	Isle of Beauty	180	Oh, I should like to marry	127	Then you'll remember me	105
Come chase that Tear away	211	I have left the Snow-clad Hills	92	Over the Summer Sea	6	Thou reign'st in this bosom	233
Cheer up, my own Jeannette	108	I'll not beguile thee from thy Home	148	Oh, haste, Crimson Morning	14		
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	172	I have wandered by the Brookside	91	Oh dear, what can the Matter be	100	Uncle Sam's Farm	35
Come with me while the Stars	214	I'll hang my Harp upon the	41	O, dear is my Cottage	54	Up, up to the Alps	96
Carrier Dove	106	In happy Moments	95	Oh no, I never mention him	238		
Come play me that sweet Air again	23	I've gazed on Beauty's brow	157	Oh for the Wings of a Dove	4	When Stars are in the quiet Skies	32
Campbells are coming	189	I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls	76	Of the stilly Night	192	We have lived and loved together	7
Come with the Gypsy Bride	184	I have come from a happy Land	113	Over the Mountain Wave	227	We may be happy yet	97
Captive Arab to his Steed	217	If I had but a Thousand a Year	34	Over the Water gliding	239	Why do I love thee yet	5
Canadian Boatman's Song	181					What's a' the steer, kimmer?	119
Comin' through the Rye	101	Jeannette and Jeannot	10	Pirate's Serenade	136	When thou art afar	210
		John Anderson my Joe	222	Pop goes the Question	48	Woman's Heart	116
Dearest spot of Earth to me is Home,	28	Kitty Clover	176	Pestal, or Prison Song	58	Wait for the Wagon	107
Day is flashing	20	Kitty Clyde	165	Pilot	235	When night comes o'er the plain	144
Dream on	59	Kitty of Coleraine	89	Prayer of Moses in Egypt	40	Watcher	194
Dear Kate, I do not swear	175	Katy Darling	178			Will you come to the Bower	228
Dream is past	82	Kate Kearney	163	Rose of Allandale	167	When the Swallow's homeward fly	30
Dying Musician's Request	220			Rose of Grenada	202	What fairy like Music	62
Duncan Gray	73	Lonely Rose	171	" Lucerne	90		
Days of Absence	200	Lilly Bell	17	" " Aliean	3	Ye golden stars	37
Dream of Youth	125	Last Rose of Summer	182	Row gently here	99	Ye high-born Spanish Noblemen	70
Elfin's Home	163			Round the Wreaken	65	Young Agnes, beauteous Maid	150



FEB 29 1940

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05500 857 5

